

The ENGLANDS NORTHERN UNIVERSITY

Leisure Hour

DEAN FARRAR AT HOME.



THE LONDON POLYTECHNICS

JUNE 1903

56 Paternoster Row

London E.C.
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SIXPENCE

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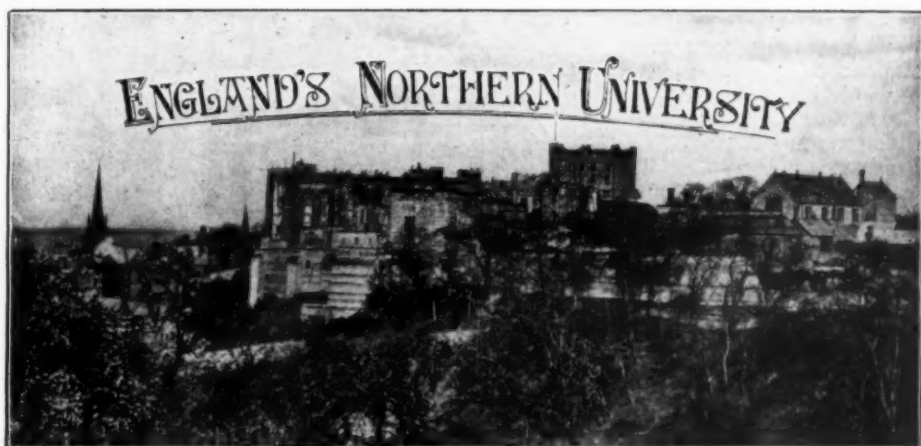
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VIEW OF CASTLE FROM SOUTH STREET¹

BY THE EDITOR

"Grey towers of Durham!

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam those venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot."

SCOTT: *Harold the Dauntless*.

THE University of Durham occupies a unique position. In the natural grandeur and beauty of its surroundings, it is perhaps unsurpassed by any seat of learning in the world. Below its castled crags, the river Wear winds slowly to the sea, while the wooded slopes which encircle it are vocal with the songs of birds.

It is a modern University, and yet there lives in it the spirit of the distant past. Perhaps nowhere else, except in Westminster Abbey, do we seem in contact with so many phases of English history. In the great Cathedral close by there rest the bones of the Venerable Bede and the dust of St. Cuthbert. The Cathedral itself was commenced in 1093, less than thirty years after the Norman Conquest, and many of its existing walls, pillars, and noble arches date from that time. In the long line of Bishops of Durham there figure such names as Butler, author of the *Analogy*, Lightfoot, Westcott, and the present honoured Bishop Moule—the last three forming a succession of great Biblical teachers of which any Church might well be proud.

The Castle, now the home of University College and its students, is even older than

the Cathedral. It was built by William the Conqueror in 1072 or soon after. In those days, and for centuries, the Bishops of Durham lived there in almost regal state. Durham was a County Palatine. The late Bishop Creighton, writing in *The Leisure Hour*,² says: "The bishop was its

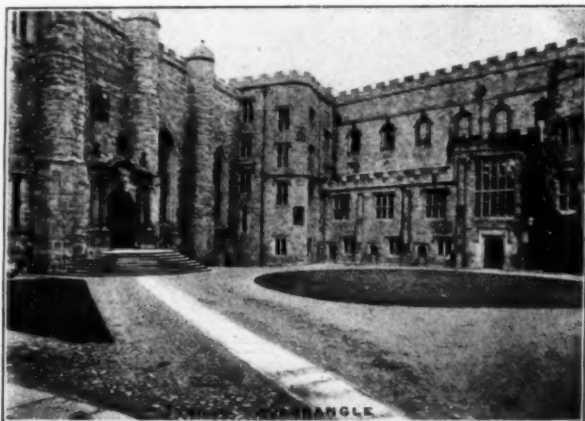


¹ The Durham photographs, except where otherwise stated, are by Mr. R. Green, butler at the Castle.

² 1885, p. 596; see also his book *The Story of some English Shires*

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earl, with special powers conferred on him by the king. He had, within his county, all the power of the king. 'Whatever the king has outside the county of Durham, the bishop has inside it,' was the legal maxim which defined the bishop's power. Hence the Bishop of Durham had his own courts of justice, and appointed his own officers. Writs ran in his name, and he had the right of giving pardon for offences. He coined his own money, and granted charters at will. He held



THE CASTLE, DURHAM



THE CATHEDRAL

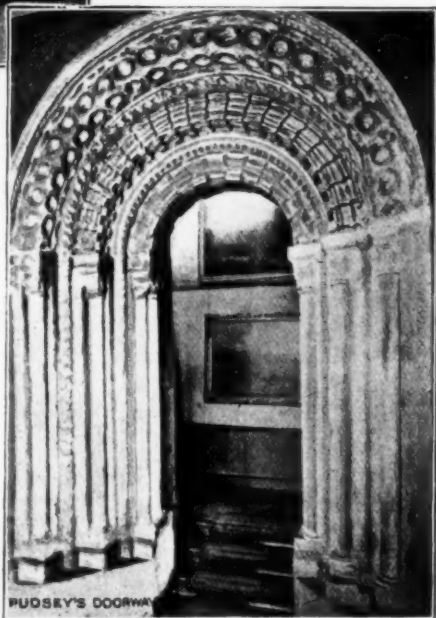
of one thousand foot and five hundred horse. Afterwards at the battle of Falkirk he led in person the second line of the English army." Bishop Hatfield led eighty archers to the siege of Calais (1346).

But revenues once devoted so largely to purposes of war are now spent on more peaceful pursuits. Though the present University of Durham

councils of the nature of parliaments, and created barons of the Palatinate by summons to his councils. In fact, he was a little king, surrounded by a little court of his own."

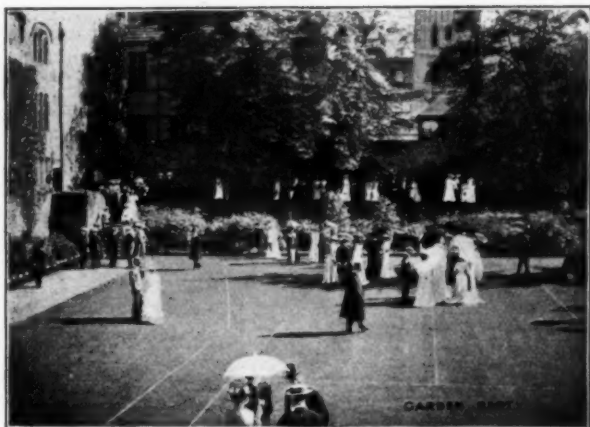
Two or three instances will serve to illustrate the wealth and power of the Bishops of Durham. Bishop Puiset—whose name in a corrupt form is still commemorated in the Castle by the famous Norman archway built in his time and still called "Pudsey's Doorway"—held the see from 1154 to 1195. "He prepared to accompany Richard in the crusades, equipped a fleet, and had a galley built for his own use in which there was a throne of silver, and even the kitchen utensils and other vessels were of the same precious metal."¹ Bishop Bek, according to the same writer, "joined Edward I. on his expedition into Scotland in 1296. Twenty-six standard-bearers and one hundred and forty knights formed his retinue, and his army consisted

¹ Boyle: *County of Durham*.



PUDSEY'S DOORWAY

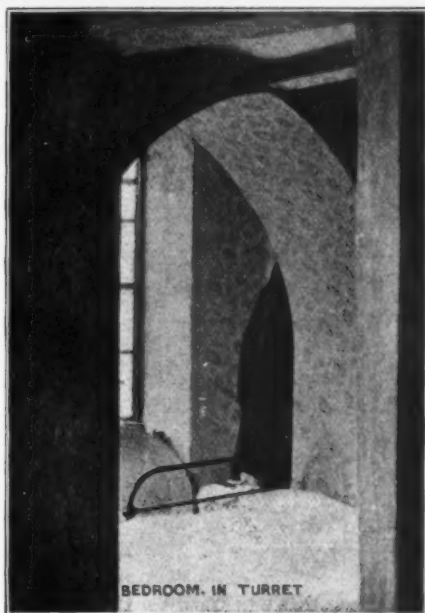
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GARDEN PARTY IN
FELLOWS' GARDEN,
DURHAM

is a modern foundation, the germs of it are of ancient growth. Part of the revenues of the Dean and Chapter of Durham were at one time devoted to the maintenance of Durham College at Oxford, suppressed

in the time of Henry VIII. In 1650, says Bishop Creighton in his article already quoted, "a petition was sent to the Lord Protector, asking that the houses of the dean and canons, which were falling into decay, might be turned into a college for the instruction of youth. Cromwell welcomed a plan which, as he said, 'might



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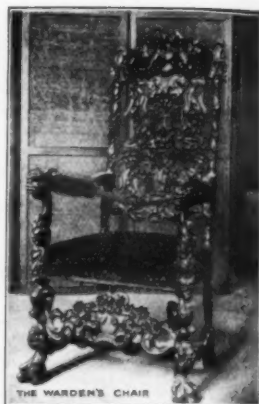


Photo by Russell and Sons

DEAN KITCHIN, WARDEN OF
THE UNIVERSITY



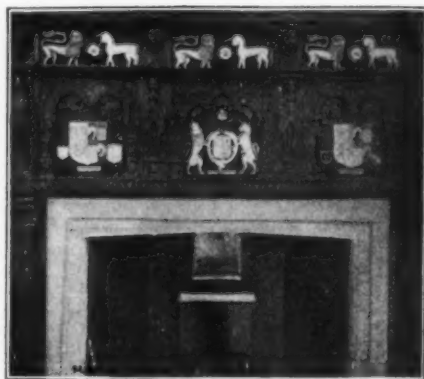
From the painting by T. M. Henry



joint co-operation of
Durham University and

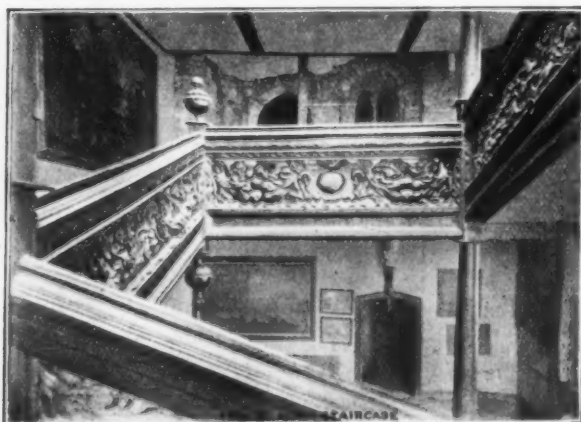
conduce to the promotion of learning and piety in these poor, rude, and ignorant parts.' In 1657 Cromwell issued a scheme for the erection of this college. It is a document which shows his practical capacity, and was excellently adapted to the needs and possibilities of the time." Cromwell died soon after, and the Restoration put an end to his plans

Bishop van Mildert, the last of the prince-bishops of Durham, promoted in 1832, with the Dean and Chapter, an Act of Parliament establishing the University. University College was founded in 1837 and Hatfield Hall in 1846—both of these in Durham. In 1852 the College of Medicine at Newcastle-on-Tyne was taken into connexion with the University, and in 1871 a College of Physical Science was founded at Newcastle, by the



MANTELPiece IN SENATE ROOM

(Arms of Bishop James and King James I.)



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the leading land-proprietors, employers of skilled labour, and others in the north of England. These four Colleges, two at Durham and two at Newcastle, form England's northern University.

The methods adopted in the Durham Colleges resemble those of Oxford. But there is one important difference. Durham does not possess the tutorial system. All the Professorial work is strictly University work. The student has not the advantage of personal contact with his tutor.

England's Northern University



THE BISHOP'S ROOM, THE CASTLE
SHOWING TAPESTRIES, AND BEDROOM OPENING OFF IT



Photo by Elliott and Fry

REV. HENRY GEE, D.D., MASTER
OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE



MISERERE SEAT IN CHAPEL



CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST



BENCH END IN CHAPEL

The help he receives is entirely derived from University lectures. In this respect Durham resembles the great Universities of Germany and Scotland. But those who know the benefits of the tutorial system are disposed to hope that as Durham grows in age and experience, that system will find a place there too.

The Warden of the University, who corresponds to the Vice-Chancellor in Oxford or Cambridge or the

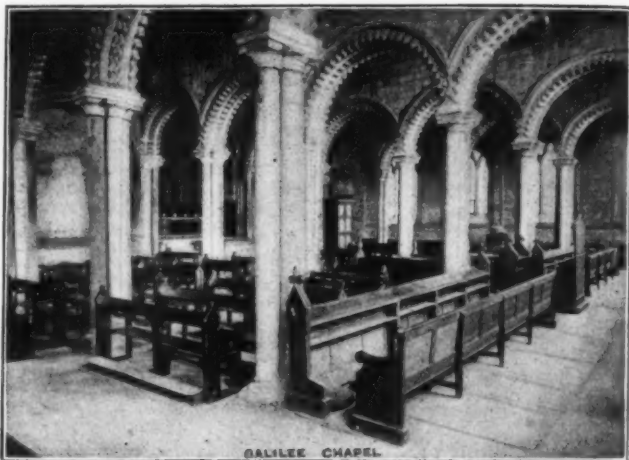
England's Northern University

Principal in Scotland, is the Dean of Durham. Its government is shared with him by the Cathedral Chapter, the Senate, and Convocation.

The degrees obtainable at Durham are B.A. and M.A.; B.D. and D.D.; M.B. and M.D.; Bachelor and Master in Surgery; Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Science; B.C.L. and D.C.L.; Bachelor and Doctor of Hygiene; B.Litt.; B.Mus. and D.Mus. Valuable scholarships, varying from £30 to £70, are offered in the different departments.

In the matter of expense, Durham undoubtedly offers a great advantage to students of moderate means. At University College, which is the most expensive, the total annual expenditure for University and College is calculated to vary from £85 to £112. At Hatfield Hall, the total annual expenditure is about £70. Unattached students, who must be at least twenty-three years, are permitted to reside in the town under certain regulations, and the cost of living depends very largely upon themselves. The total cost for unattached students is estimated at from about £47 to £72. There is, besides, a Hostel for Women Students, at which the University and residence fees range from £57 to £69 a year. In Newcastle there is also a Hostel for Women Students, the minimum fee for board and residence being £1 1s. a week.

Let us now take a ramble through the Colleges themselves. At the head of Uni-



GALILEE CHAPEL

versity College is its Master, the Rev. Henry Gee, D.D. A scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, he was ordained in 1880. Immediately on ordination he went to be Tutor at St. John's Hall, Highbury—an evangelical college for the ministry of the Church of England founded by the late Rev. Alfred Peache and his sister. He subsequently became Principal of Bishop's College, Ripon. On the resignation of Dr. Alfred Plummer in 1902, Dr. Gee succeeded him at Durham. He has gained distinction as a student of English ecclesiastical history. His principal works are *Documents illustrative of English Church History*; *The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion*; and he has recently completed and edited Canon Dixon's *History*, left unfinished on the death of its author.

With him are associated, as officials of the College, the Bursar, Mr. W. K. Hilton, M.A., who is also Registrar of the University, and the Chaplain, the Rev. G. H.

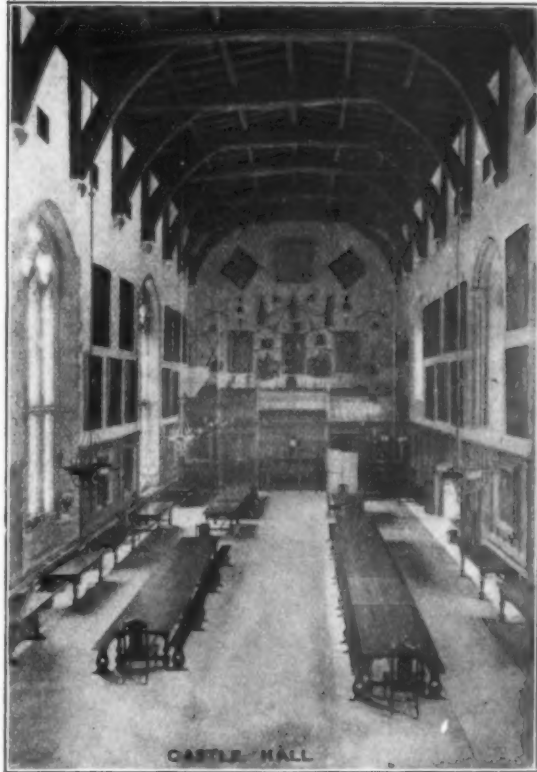


England's Northern University

Godwin, M.A., who is also University lecturer in History.

The students reside in the ancient Castle. All around them are associations and memories which should stir the imagination and inform the mind. As we enter by the main entrance, we notice the fine "black staircase" of four flights, erected by Cosin, the first Bishop after the Restoration. We pass along the beautiful corridor known as "Tunstal's Gallery," built by Bishop Tunstal in the reign of Henry VIII. One of the entrances to this gallery is formed by "Pudsey's Doorway," already mentioned, which takes us back to the time of Richard I. and the Crusades. In the Senate-Room and other rooms are tapestries of the sixteenth century, while another noteworthy feature of the Senate-Room is the carved fireplace of Bishop James's time, over it being the arms of England quartered with the arms of France.

The chapel was also built by Bishop Tunstal. Some of the carving on the ends of the oak stalls is very beautiful. In the stalls are "miserere" seats, so called because the monks chanted their "miserere" or litany in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture, finding support from these narrow seats. The carving on the under side of these is of

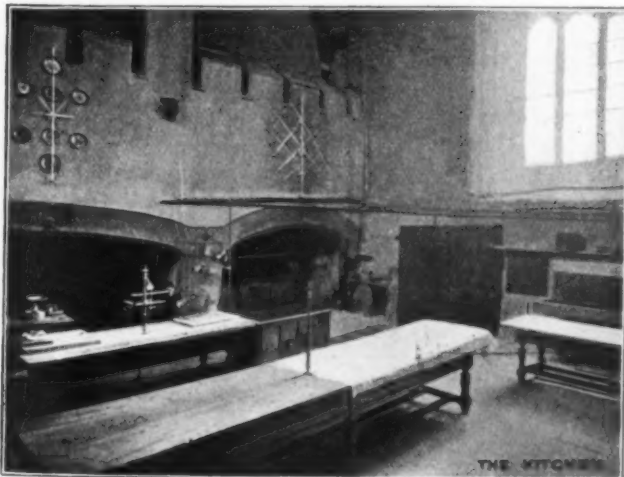


A.D. 1300. NOW DINING-HALL OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

quaint and often comical design. We reproduce a specimen of one, similar to those in Westminster Abbey, for instance.

Prayers are held each evening in the chapel. The chaplain read the service when we were present, two of the students reading the lessons. Morning prayers (compulsory for all but Nonconformist students) are held in the "Galilee" of the Cathedral.

From service in the chapel we pass in to dinner in the dining-hall. "Benedictus benedicat" says the Master as grace before meat, and "Benedictos benedicatur" as grace after meat. Usually, after meat, a long Latin grace is read by one of the students.



THE KITCHEN

England's Northern University

This spacious dining-hall, says Bishop Creighton, "is the finest in England." It was built in the time of Edward I. by Bek, the warrior-bishop. It must often have rung with the clang of arms, and its rafters have often echoed the music of minstrel and of trumpeter. The walls are hung with portraits of the Bishops of Durham, and at the end opposite the high table is a modern screen erected at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1887.

What would a dining-hall be without a kitchen? And the kitchen of Durham Castle is one of its sights. It is part of Pudsey's building, but along with the buttery was set apart to its present purpose by Bishop Fox in 1499. Mothers of Durham undergraduates who may read this article may have every confidence that the feeding of their student sons is well looked after by the worthy cook.

The students' bedrooms and sitting-rooms, too, are airy and comfortable. Some of them, in the Keep and in the turrets, command a splendid view. A special bedroom is reserved for the Bishop of Durham when he chooses to occupy it. This and other rooms are occupied also at Assize times by some of His Majesty's Judges.

Passing down the narrow street from the Castle, we arrive at Hatfield Hall. The genial Principal is Dr. F. B. Jevons, who is



also Classical Tutor of the University. His predecessors at Hatfield have been Drs. Barmby, Sanday, and Robertson, recently appointed Bishop of Exeter. Principal Jevons, who took his first-class at Oxford from Wadham College, where he was a scholar, has written some well-known books, among them being *The Development of the Athenian Democracy*, *A History of Greek Literature*, *A Manual of Greek Antiquities*, *An Introduction to the History of Religion*, and *Evolution*.

Other officials of Hatfield Hall are the Vice-Principal, Rev. J. T. Fowler, D.C.L., a very well-known antiquary, who is also Hebrew lecturer in the University; the Censor, Rev. J. H. How, M.A., classical lecturer in the University; the Junior Censor, Mr. E. V. Stocks, M.A.; the Bursar, Mr. Arthur Robinson, D.C.L., and the Assistant Chaplain, Rev. Henry Ellershaw, M.A., both University lecturers.

Though not of such antiquity as the Castle, Hatfield Hall is beautifully situated, and its students are comfortably housed and well cared for.

The "Unattached students," already mentioned, are under the care of the Censor, the Rev. Dawson Walker, M.A., B.D., who was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and is Tutor of the University. Such students



England's Northern University



HATFIELD HALL, DURHAM UNIVERSITY

are required to reside in licensed lodgings, and both they and the lodging-house keepers are under the Censor's supervision. Women students reside at the Hostel. The total number of students attending the University averages about one hundred and eighty.

We had an opportunity of seeing all these four sections of students and their friends represented at a debate in the "Union" one night during our visit to Durham. It was "ladies' night," which only meant, however, that ladies were among the audience. The subject of debate was "That International Disarmament is Desirable," and both sides were advocated with much ability. In the vote which followed, only members of the Union voted. The disarmament policy was defeated, but how far this was representative of the general opinion it would be difficult to say, as many students, and even speakers, left before the division.

Before leaving Durham, we ought perhaps to note that the great majority of the students attending there are preparing for orders in the Church of England. The course extends over two years. This is thought by some to be inadequate. The fear is expressed that if a longer course were insisted on, students of limited means could not afford to take it. An obvious answer is afforded by the Scottish Universities and Theological Halls, where a much longer course is required of students for the Presbyterian ministry, and yet this has not acted as a barrier even to very poor students. It is hoped that wealthy donors may be found who will endow scholarships



DR. JEVONS, PRINCIPAL OF
HATFIELD HALL



sufficient to cover a theological course of three years.

The great expansion of Durham University into the busy manufacturing city of Newcastle is another of its unique features.



REV. DAWSON WALKER
CHURCH OF DURHAM STUDENTS

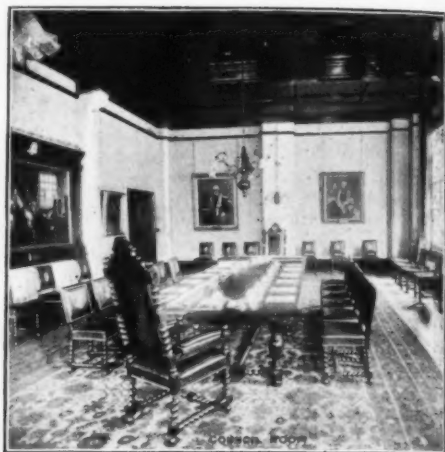
Photo by Heary, Bradford
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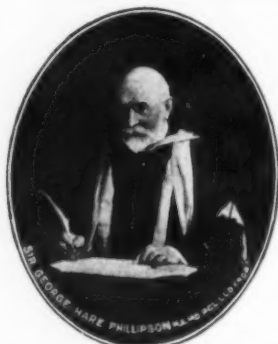
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



LECTURE ROOM

COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

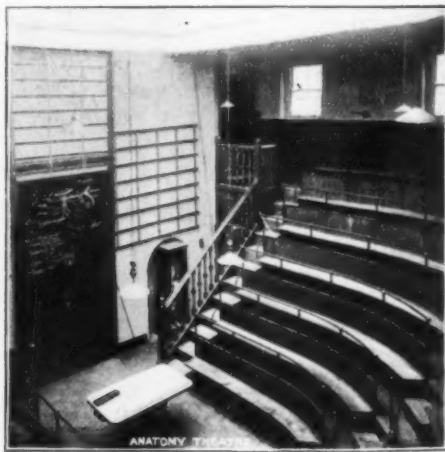


PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF DURHAM COLLEGE OF
MEDICINE, NEWCASTLE

Photo by Macfadyen, Newcastle



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ANATOMY THEATRE

COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, NEWCASTLE

England's Northern University

It is creditable alike to Newcastle and to Durham. The railway journey tends perhaps to separate them; but the half-hour which it requires is less than the time necessary to go from one side of London to the other.

The College of Medicine at Newcastle was taken into connexion with Durham University in 1852, and constituted a College of the University in 1870. It is housed in a handsome building erected at a cost of £31,000. The notable features of this College are its fine lecture theatres, its spacious dissecting-room, its museum, its artistic council-room, and its beautiful examination hall. There are at present over one hundred and ninety students in attendance.

The President is Sir George Hare Philipson, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Ex-scholar of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Professor of Medicine in the University of Durham, who was President of the British Medical Association in 1893, eminent as a physician and highly esteemed by students and the public. The teaching staff of the College consists of more than twenty lecturers. Several valuable scholarships are attached to the College.

It is in the College of Science, however, that the Newcastle side of Durham University shows its most vigorous and progressive development. It has at present no less than one thousand six hundred students attending its various classes. The building stands on a site of six acres, and the sum of £77,000 is in hand for the erection of a new front with additional classrooms.

Its chemical laboratory can hold over one hundred students at work. It was erected in memory of Professor Johnston, the first Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy there. Its Art Department, in connexion with South Kensington, has about two hundred students, chiefly ladies. Its Agricultural Department, besides its work in the College, sends lecturers round to the farmers of the district, and it has a farm of four hundred acres in Northumberland, where students of the College are received

as boarders for an inclusive charge of 16s. a week. Then there is the well-equipped Engineering Department, special attention being paid to Naval Architecture and to Electrical Engineering. Mining, as might be expected, occupies an important place. The College of Science is also one of the fourteen University Colleges of England which share in the Treasury Grant. In addition to its scientific work it has a literary side, including professors of classics, English literature and history, respectively, besides several lecturers in cognate subjects. Evening classes are well attended. Scholarships and exhibitions are provided.

The Principal of the College of Science is the Rev. H. P. Gurney, D.C.L., late Senior Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and a distinguished mathematician. The teaching staff consists of fourteen professors. The Treasurer of the College is a Newcastle citizen who, like Lord Avebury, has combined literary pursuits with banking—Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., author of *Italy and her Invaders* and other historical works.

It is impossible for one who visits these vigorous colleges at Durham and Newcastle not to be impressed by the evidences of vitality and progressiveness which they afford. The keen air of the north is surely helpful to "the strenuous life." The students, as well as the professors, seem in earnest in their work.

As we strolled through the grounds of the Cathedral precincts at Durham, we noticed a sun-dial on a wall, bearing the inscription—

"Soles pereunt et imputantur."

(The days perish and are laid to our account.)

Similar words on the dial at All Souls' College, Oxford, have been an inspiration to successive generations of students. The colleges of our Northern University are sending forth their students to be the leaders of others in the fields of religion, medicine, literature, and science. May they send them forth with a high sense of personal responsibility, the value of time and the reality of eternity!

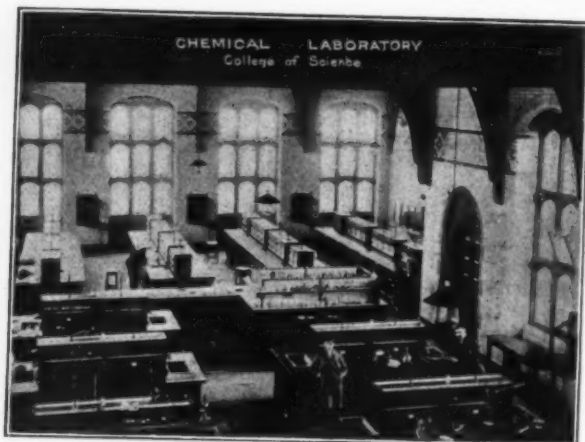
England's Northern University



DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



Photo by Macfadyen, Newcastle
THE PRINCIPAL, COLLEGE OF
SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE



The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause. In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him. The carriage stops at the Château de Vincennes, which she enters, only to find that Rupert has never been there at all, and that she herself is a prisoner. Meantime Fräulein Groesbeck has persuaded Rupert Frayne to ride off to intercept on his own account the plotters and prevent the murder of the King. When she returns to the inn, she is horror-struck to find from Gachette that Rosamund has disappeared.

On Rupert's return, he announces to the Fräulein that the plot has failed, and that King George is safely on his way to England. Then he learns with horror of the disappearance of Rosamund, and vows that he will find her. Sitting in an inn at Vélizy, he overhears Dubois, the man who had carried off Rosamund, telling his story to his daughter's intended husband, from which he gathered that Leicester North had betrayed Rosamund's whereabouts. Then he puts up his servant-man, Silas Todd, to try to find out the secret of where Rosamund has been taken to. On his return to 'La Pomme d'Or' he finds Anna Groesbeck in tears, and learns from her that Rosamund's father has been drowned.

Silas soon makes friends with Jeanne Dubois, and gradually learns from her the place of Rosamund's imprisonment. He suggests to Rupert that it might be possible to obtain Jeanne's help in rescuing Rosamund, and adds that Jeanne's



SILENTLY, MYSTERIOUSLY, A WOMAN HAD ENTERED THE PARK

The Intriguers

cousin, a master mason, is about to repair the roof at the Château de Vincennes. Silas then promises Jeanne a thousand louis for her father if he will help Rosamund to escape, and refrain from executing his warrant for the arrest of Rupert. The Governor of Vincennes tells Rosamund of the warrant for Rupert's arrest, and tries in vain to persuade her to obtain her own freedom by renouncing her love for him. But Rupert finds his way, disguised as a workman, to the roof of the Château, and in a short time Rosamund is free. She is lowered to Silas, who waits below.

CHAPTER XX.—"THE BEST AUXILIARY IS A WOMAN"

MEANWHILE, as the night had come on—a dusky night through which, nevertheless, there glistened most of the stars—a woman had entered the park, or forest, of Vincennes, and had crept up the main avenue enshrouded in the gloom. Silently, mysteriously, as one bent on attracting no observation, she had done so, and then, leaning against a tree, had stood peering through the darkness towards where there rose something darker than the starlit heavens; something that, above the ground-mist or fog, towered black and lowering—the Donjon itself. Nor did she only peer towards that dark and ominous mass, since, also, she strained every sense which she possessed besides her eyes; her ears being now especially on the alert for every sound, and missing nothing. Nothing! not even the slight noise made by a branch that cracked above her, by a bird that rustled, or a leaf that fell dead and sodden to the damp earth below.

For she, Jeanne Dubois, the hot, impetuous Frenchwoman, had set her whole future existence at stake upon the success or failure of this night's work, and it was almost as imperative to her that the work should be crowned with success as it was to the Englishwoman whose release was the cause of that work.

If they—these two determined Englishmen—succeeded in what they were risking their lives upon, then she, too, would participate in that success; she, too, would escape from France and that lover whom in her heart she termed the accursed Anatole, to become the wife of a man who had compelled her to love him madly. While, if they failed, there was for her, she told herself, nothing—nothing henceforth in the future. They, and she shuddered as she thought upon it, would be executed, broken on the wheel, and she—ah! no, she must not think of it. She must be brave, and not think of the melancholy life that would then lie before her.

"Why do they not come?" she whispered to herself now, as upon her ears there fell the sound of the clock in the *Château*

de Beauté striking six. "Why? It was to have been done after the guard was changed at five; an hour is past. What! have they failed—been stopped—slain? Slain! He, my handsome Cyrillo—he—! Ah!" she said, catching her breath now. "Ah! what is that?"

For at that moment she had heard something which told her that she was no longer alone in the avenue. It was true no voices reached her ears, yet still there was a something which gave her to understand that the darkness of the night, the profundity of the winter gloom out here beneath the trees, was shared by others as well as by herself. Once, her ears caught the click of a *porte-épée*, and then the tic-tac of a scabbard-point upon the earth; there was a rustle, too, the *frou-frou* of a woman's garments, the sound of footsteps coming swiftly—and, soon, a deeper blur in the avenue than that made by the night itself. "They come," she whispered, "they have escaped. She is free. Ah! thank heaven. Thank heaven! Yet that light—that light! Ah! what does it mean? What!"

At this moment she had not only heard the above-mentioned sounds, but, also, she had seen something in the air—mysterious, terrifying. Upon the roof of the Donjon there had suddenly sprung up a light, a lurid light such as that which would be made by a gigantic flambeau or brazier—a light, red and flaming; one that illumined all the vicinity of the loathsome fortress, and caused the tiles of the houses in the little town that lay near the prison to appear as though bathed in the blood-red gleam.

"Their escape is discovered," she gasped, her hand upon her palpitating bosom. "Discovered! Soon all will be— Ah!" she cried with a shriek, as three figures approached her now. "Ah! you are free. Thank God! Thank God! Yet look! Observe the flame above the prison. Oh! Cyrillo, look!"

Even as she spoke, and while her lover and his comrade, or master—still in his disguise of a mason's man—gathered round her, and the woman whom they had rescued stood between them, she wasted no time

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in idle words, but began to do that which had been arranged earlier between her and Silas. Swiftly she unfastened the dress she wore, letting it fall off her to the ground—had there been any light it would have been easy to perceive that, beneath it, she had on another!—then she picked it up and, handing it to Rosamund, whispered—

"On with it, madame. On with it at once. It at least cannot be known to any who come after you." Then from a pocket in her own dress she drew a lace hood, and bade Rosamund cover her head with it. "Now," she said, speaking rapidly to them all, while heeding neither Rosamund's murmured thanks and blessings, nor Rupert's cordial grasp of her hand, nor even the arm of that rogue Silas, which had stolen round her waist. "Now, away with you to the carriage. Where is it?"

"Away with us!" repeated Silas, while the others stood dumfounded at her words. "Away with us! *With us!* And you, *madame!* What of you? Do you think that we are—that I am going without you? Nay, never! Why should you remain behind?"

"But for a little while. To, if they come this way, throw them on the wrong scent. I will join you later. See, Cyrillo, see. You must pass by Charonne, thereby to skirt the city and to avoid the watch. Wait on the road for me—I will be there ere long. Ah! *Ciel!*" she cried, "listen. Oh, listen! All is discovered. There is no longer any doubt."

Indeed, there was no room for doubt now! For, as she spoke, there had boomed through the night air—heavily, sullenly, as though it hung upon that air—the sound of a cannon's roar: the cannon on the roof of the Donjon! And it told all; it would instantly tell all the country round, as it had done before in the passage of many years, that a prisoner had escaped. Soon the whole of that country round would be aroused—soldiers quartered in villages, watchmen, peasants, and small proprietors, all hoping to gain some reward, would be on the alert to find and restore the prisoner to a fate worse than before.

"Begone," she cried. "Begone, and wait for me. Tell me where the carriage is, so that I may join you."

"Never!" they all answered her. "Never." Then, as they did so, Rupert gave a gasp. For he knew now that, even though they would have consented to do

so, it was too late. Down the avenue, along the way they had come, they could hear the tread of men approaching; they could hear, too, as she had heard earlier, though in a magnified manner now, the rattle of arms. Several men were coming, they recognised.

"Let us attack them, and sell our lives dearly," whispered Rupert to Silas, while the hands of each sought their sword-handles at the same moment. But, before the sentence could be concluded, Jeanne had hastily interrupted whatever they were saying, not one word of which was, of course, understood by her.

"Behind the trees," she said hastily. "Get behind the trees—to each a tree. Leave me to do the rest." While, ere they could utter a word or demand an explanation, she had fled forward towards whence those sounds were proceeding; had fled forward crying and shrieking, "Help—help! *Au secours!*"

Not knowing what she might mean to do—for a moment the idea of treachery entering into Rupert's brain; the idea that, at the last, the scheming Frenchwoman might mean to betray them—they were forced to stand back, each being behind one of the trunks of the great gnarled elms and oaks which grew side by side and very close together in the long avenue. Yet, as they so stood (Rosamund being behind the tree that was between those which hid Rupert and Silas) each of the men held their drawn swords in their hands, and determined that not one of them—including Rosamund—should be taken. Or rather that she, at least, should not be taken while life was left to them, and this Rupert whispered to the girl as, with his disengaged hand he held hers, the trees here being near enough together to enable him to do so.

But by this time Jeanne had got down the avenue some thirty or forty yards and had met those oncoming men, and still she was crying "*au secours, au secours,*" and was sobbing, while, as she came close up to the others, she threw herself with a cry of relief full upon the bosom of the leader, a big brawny fellow who seemed to be in command of the party.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried, as she flung her arms about his shoulders. "Oh! save me!"

"Save you!" the man replied. "What in the name of wonder is there to save

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"SAVE ME! SAVE ME!" SHE CRIED

you from? Have you seen a spectre—a phantom? Or has your lover been beating you in the dark? has he caught you with a second lover? Yet, stop me not, my girl, we are in haste. A woman has escaped from the Château——"

"From the Château!" screamed Jeanne. "From the Château! Ah! 'tis she. And with a man, is it not so, monsieur? Ah, 'tis that! I comprehend. Therefore they would have murdered me! Oh! that man!

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That terrible man! Oh! monsieur, support me in your strong arms! Oh! they threatened me——"

"Name of a dog!" cried the man. "You have seen them! Yes, evidently. With a man! Ay, 'twas a man who received the woman when she lowered herself from the roof. Perhaps it was he also who almost strangled the sentry. Doubtless 'twas he. They were sure to escape into the wood. Quick, which way went they? Quick, I say. Cease thy howling and speak."

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Jeanne. "I cannot. Oh! oh! I am afraid. I cannot tell. Oh! monsieur, I was coming down the avenue to meet my man, we are to be married next week, monsieur: I am no light-o'-love! and my father has brought all necessary——"

"Bother your father, and you too. Which way went they, I say?"

"Oh! speak not so to me. Ah! I was coming down the avenue to meet Lupin, and—and—— was but whispering

a prayer for our future happiness——"

"Hurry, *idiot*. Hurry."

"When they rushed up it. Ah! they frightened me, they terrified me so that I screamed to all the saints. She was bare-headed—now I understand why, since she had but just escaped—he looking a madman with his fierce eyes and big red beard. Oh! a madman, monsieur——"

"Quick, fool. Quick!"

"Then he rushed at me with his knife

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drawn, crying, 'Where does this avenue lead to?' And on my telling him, he said to his companion, 'Not this way. Not this way, dear heart. There is a town there. Come, let us plunge into the forest. They will never find us.' And then, monsieur; oh! then, monsieur, he told me that if I betrayed them he would cut my—"

"The forest. Back into the forest! Which way? Where?"

"There, monsieur. Over there, where it is so black and still within the wood. Oh! monsieur, will he murder me, do you think? Will he—?"

"Not if we catch him. *Allons, mes garçons*," turning to his men, who had stood stolidly listening to Jeanne's brilliant narrative. "To the forest. Over there. To the copse. See to your flints. Be ready. We will have them in an hour. *En route*."

And in a moment they had wheeled off to the wooded copse indicated by Jeanne, whilst she commenced crying, "Oh! leave me not, monsieur. Leave me not. If Lupin does not come and that man returns, what shall I do? And am I to have no reward for this? Nothing?"

But to her words there was no answer returned now. The men were gone, they had vanished into the darkness of the night, rushing off in the very direction indicated by the girl, which was precisely the opposite one from the way she and the others desired to go themselves.

Then Jeanne—who often said truly enough that she felt as if she had quicksilver in her veins sometimes, and who was always on occasions of excitement full of a wild *espiègerie*, began to caper and pirouette about on the grass as she drew near to where those three waited, and to hum little snatches of a villanelle under her breath, while her eyes sparkled so that, perhaps, they saw her coming through the gloom. But be this as it may, or not, a moment later she was being embraced by Silas, who seemed as if he was going to squeeze all the breath out of her body, while both Rupert and Rosamund scarcely knew how to utter their thanks.

"No matter for the thanks," said Jeanne; "while as for thee, great bear, leave me alone and tear me not to pieces. Come! Quick! To the carriage. Quick, I say. Hark to that accursed cannon bellowing forth again. Quick, *mes enfants*. *En route*."

By dawn—the wintry dawn of half-past

seven—the great travelling coach, slung on its huge braces, had left Paris far behind, and so, too, it had left far behind Rupert and Rosamund, Silas and Jeanne. But in their places it bore Monsieur le Marquis de — and Madame la Marquise de —, Jeanne playing the part of the latter *d ravier*—as well as monsieur's cousin from Alsace, who was an officer of gendarmerie, and madame's sister, who was a little indisposed from a long illness. And Jeanne's bright eyes and naturally fluent French, and her occasional hauteur at the guard-houses and *octrois* and *douanes*, varied by her occasional jokes and gibes and merry laughs—added to the solemn dignity of Monsieur le Marquis!—had all helped to make the inspection of their passport (which Jeanne had purloined from her father's bureau, where it had rested since being taken away from a French nobleman who had once been in retreat in the Bastille) very easy to them. So, too, had the soft beauty and the tired look that was in the lovely eyes of the sister of the illustrious marquise helped to do so, and so, too, had the good-humour of monsieur's cousin of the gendarmerie, who spoke French well enough for an Alsatian, and who insisted upon warders and watchmen, and custom-house officers, drinking with him whenever the carriage halted and there happened to be an inn at hand. And, also, the officer of gendarmes made himself very interesting by narrating how, as they left Paris, they had heard that some terrible desperado—*un chien d'Anglais* it was reported—had murdered the Lieutenant du Roi, Bernaville, at Vincennes and then escaped, and that all the prisoners in the Donjon had risen and—he thought, but was not quite sure—were putting the soldiers and the warders to death. So that all Paris was in excitement, he said, and guns were firing and soldiers were being called out, and, altogether, much confusion reigning, while already a great reward was spoken of for the prisoner's capture—a reward, monsieur thought, well worth being on the alert for. But still the coach went on, changing horses at intervals, climbing hills and struggling along roads where the ruts were deep, and the peasants had to be bribed with sols and livres to put their shoulders to the wheels and help to extricate them from the mud, and still Madame la Marquise laughed her merry little laugh, and showed her bright

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SHE CAUSED PEASANTS' BABIES TO BE LIFTED UP FOR HER TO KISS

eyes and pearly teeth at the windows, and caused peasants' babies to be lifted up for her to kiss, while Monsieur le Marquis talked gravely to madame's sister, and held her hand and comforted her.

It went on still until, now, it was passing through the dunes outside Boulogne, and the sea could be observed, dull and leaden-coloured beneath a still more leaden-looking sky, and the gulls were flying all about it, and it was dotted by the sails of luggers and bilanders and hoys and fishing craft, and with, now and again, some great ship of war of either England or France hugging the wind while passing up or down the Channel.

On to Boulogne itself and away to a lugger in waiting, with its sails already

bent, and tossing somewhat, though still at anchor—whereat Madame la Marquise turned a little pale now, and monsieur's rollicking handsome cousin had to whisper consolation in his pretty companion's ear! while the Marquis attended to her sister—on, and on board! On board with, at once, the jibs and then the lug-sails set, and so away to the open sea, with already the waves slapping angrily against the bows, and with the spume and spray flying over the bowsprit, and Madame la Marquise giving utterance to many "*Mon Dieu*" and little screams, and being led by the handsome Alsatian to the cabin, and then placed upon the couch and ministered to.

But still on and on, with now a long line

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of white chalky cliffs ahead and a castle visible in the wintry gloom; on, with the lugger rolling and pitching, and the French sailors chattering and swearing and laughing, and Monsieur le Marquis in conversation with the invalid lady and his cousin, and with little shrieks and groans coming from the cabin where madame lay.

On, until suddenly, after one last bound, the lugger was brought round on the port tack, and, a moment later, was in calm waters—the waters of England.

CHAPTER XXI

"Weave the warp and weave the woof"

ONCE more the house in Holles Street was replete with life; again the fires roared up the chimney on these winter days—rue, wormwood and gall were strewn upon the floors, thereby to freshen up the Smyrna and Segodia carpets and to destroy any insects that might have made their homes therein, and Rosamund was again installed in the old town house of her father and his father before him.

She was home again in London, and the mistress of her own large, commodious house, instead of being a prisoner in a room that was in actual truth a garret, and that a garret in a foreign land; the whole town was talking of her escape from Vincennes, and laughing over it—already the Court side and the City were anxious to fête and entertain her at routs and drums and "hurricanes"—and she was to be married shortly to her lover and earthly saviour. Surely she should have been happy! Surely!

Yet she was far from being so, since two things at least stood in the way of happiness. One was the death of her father—awful, as death always is!—yet, to her mind, made doubly so by its suddenness, and by the thought that he was now lying somewhere at the bottom of the Channel, and by the remembrance that he had died in speeding back to France upon receipt of the news from Anna Groesbeck that his beloved child had disappeared. These reflections were sufficient to make her sad and tearful, though, indeed, the very sight of the great chair in which he used to sit at nights; the sight, too, of the old and infirm dog that he had loved so well, and which had been taken away by Anna, but was now brought back to its home; of his clothes; of letters that had come for him and were already

covered with dust, while awaiting the return of one who would never return again—all these things, and more, were enough to make her sad and melancholy without the recollection of the terrible, the sudden end which had added another pang to her loss.

Yet, perhaps, this was but a subdued grief—a gentler sorrow—one that must be borne with and bowed beneath, since nothing could avail but resignation to the will of God—in comparison with another and a deeper sadness. A sadness that was, in solemn fact, a misery and terror; one that seemed to hang like a pall between her and her future happiness—like some dark veil obscuring all promise of joy in her future wedded life.

For she knew that what her kindly jailer at Vincennes, du Châtelet, had hinted was true; she knew from Rupert's own lips that he had ridden on that fatal journey to Holland and towards the road that the new King of England had intended to follow upon his journey to his great accession. She knew it, and she trembled, dreading what must be the outcome of so awful, so terrible an attempt, if some in England should know it too. "If some in England should ever know it!" she would say to herself a dozen—a hundred!—times a day. "If others should ever know it! Ah! how could they help but know it! How! When it was known in Paris and talked about openly, when du Châtelet himself knew it! How should it not be known in London, with all the passing to and fro between two great cities that was so constantly taking place!"

It was on the day after they had all landed in England, and when these four were making their way to London along the Kentish roads (they doing so in pairs now—Rupert, with his beloved, being in one swift travelling *calèche* and Silas with his in another), that the former told Rosamund all that had been decided on between him and Silas for her release, and all that had been done to further that release from the moment when he returned from Holland, and heard from Anna Groesbeck that she was missing.

"From Holland! From Holland! Ah! it was true then," she whispered. "It was true. Oh! Rupert! You did go to Holland!"

"Why, yes! I went. Surely Anna Groesbeck told you! And also for what object."

"Nay, nay. You forget. I saw Anna

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"WHO THEN?" RUPERT ASKED IN SOME SURPRISE

Groesbeck no more from the time she left the inn—I know now that she went to meet you, being well aware what mission you were bent upon. Nay, it was not she who told me."

"Who then?" Rupert asked in some surprise, while turning round a little in the carriage to gaze upon her. "Who could

have told you, you who became a prisoner from that very day?"

"The Marquis du Châtelet told me. I could not, I would not believe it then. I must believe it now. Rupert! Alas! I must."

"Must believe it, Rosamund! Why should you not believe it? What did I do, what did I go forth to do, that any English-

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man, any follower of the unhappy Stuarts would not do! I went once and for all, as I hoped, as I prayed God I might be able to do, to prevent the utter downfall and ruin of their, of our, of my, cause. I went to forestall those miserable knaves—those mercenaries—those paid and hireling assassins—in their dirty work. What would have been said all over England, all over the world, if this George, this new King, had fallen by their unclean hands?"

But, to this, Rosamund could make no answer. In truth, her ethics, as well as her powers of reasoning, were not capable of supporting her in a discussion with him upon the subject, terrible as such subject was. She could understand clearly enough that, to him, a gentleman before all, it must indeed be repulsive that the new King (the man whom it was not possible for the old and rightful house to regard in any superior light to that of an interloper) should be done to death by hired cut-throats and assassins—yet she could follow his feelings no further. She could not understand, she could, by no mode nor method of thought, bring herself to comprehend what his state of mind could be which, while it revolted against the murder of this man by such scoundrels, could yet prompt him to himself commit that murder, as a sure preventative of the crime by them. Therefore she was silent.

Yet he, observing that she was so, and imagining that he had made clear to her what his reasons were for having embarked on such an undertaking, returned in an indirect way to the subject; now remarking calmly that it was strange how, in spite of that which he had attempted having been done very quietly, the Marquis du Châtelet should have known of it. "For," he said, "I did not think that beyond Anna Groesbeck, there was one soul in Paris who knew of my setting out for Holland."

"None who knew!" she exclaimed, looking at him with wide-open eyes. "None who knew! Why, Rupert, if the Marquis spoke truth—as I am very sure he did—it was known to every one of importance in Paris. To Mr. Prior, to Monsieur Torcy—to—to the Government!"

"Known to them! To Prior and Torcy. It is impossible!"

"It is the case. And, oh! Rupert, I sicken with terror at the thought that, as it is known in Paris, it may soon be so in London, if it is not already. If Mr. Prior

knows it, will he not deem it his duty to send over the information——?"

"Nay. Prior is already removed, or will be so shortly. The Earl of Stair is to go in his place. Yet, still, I cannot understand how my journey should have been known—nor," he added a moment later, "the purport of it. But, sweetheart, cheer up. That which I did was done in a righteous spirit; it can bring no harm to me except in the eyes of those whose consideration is worthless."

"No harm to him!" Rosamund repeated to herself, feeling almost dazed as she did so. "That which he had done could bring no harm to him!" And—was he mad, or had his Jacobite principles so perverted his mind that he was enabled to regard his journey to assassinate the new King as an action "done in a righteous spirit"? He must be so, she whispered to herself, he must be. Yet, God help her! she loved him, she would always love him, no matter how perverted his ideas might become. Only—she wished such ideas, such awful resolutions, had never been taken by him, by him whom she had expected, on the very morning when she was inveigled to Vincennes, to announce his determination of giving his adherence to the new order of things.

But, now, she said no more, seeing that he appeared to attach no weight to, but rather, indeed, to glory in what he had done—to be proud of the attempt which he had made! Wherefore from that time she, under her misapprehensions and in her human weakness, could but hope that there might never fall upon him the terrible punishment which would assuredly be meted out, if once the news travelled from Paris to London, of what had been his intention when he set forth for Holland.

Soon after the New Year had set in, the Earl of Stair proceeded to Paris as King George's representative, and at once commenced his mission of importance—which was to maintain peace between the two countries—in a manner that has been described as "spirited and brilliant." That, at least, is the description which has been bestowed upon the mission on this side of the Channel, though, upon the other side, his diplomacy was not regarded in quite so agreeable a light.

Be all this as it may, however, he was an extremely astute ambassador, having very much of his new master's interests at heart;

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and one of the first actions on his part was to compel Prior to give up the secret correspondence with the Tories, whereby his lordship was eventually enabled to set in motion the impeachment of Bolingbroke and Oxford. But, also, he learnt from a secret and anonymous source that a plot had been formed to assassinate the King of England on his passage from Hanover to London, and he also became acquainted with the name of the principal person connected with that plot. Then this information he caused to be transmitted to one of King George's principal Ministers of State.

And this is the account which the Minister of State read in the early part of February, shorn of many introductory descriptions already within the knowledge of those who have followed this narrative so far.

The name of the principal person concerned in this plot was Mr. Rupert Frayne, the secretary wrote, a gentleman of very considerable wealth who belonged to a family notorious for its determined adherence to the House of Stuart. He left Paris on the night of August the 31st, and set out for the route originally proposed to be taken by the King. Of this there was abundant proof, as hereafter related. His favourite horse, known to be named "Centaur," was frequently addressed by him by that name, especially at the inn in Paris in the Rue de la Licorne, from which he set out. Furthermore, apparently heedless of whether his name was known or not, while guessing, probably, that he could not be called to account for aught he should perform outside the dominion of the monarch whom he had set forth to do to death, he rode fearlessly under his true name. At Venlo, at the 'Golden Lion,' where he reposed for some hours, he gave that name; so, too, did he on entering towns and cities; so, too, at the frontier post by Mons. It is to be stated, the secretary continued, that here he was followed by one who was undoubtedly another assassin, perhaps a dependent of his, since this man also gave the name of Rupert Frayne, probably because he feared to use his own.

After this, and when Mr. Frayne had crossed out of France, all trace of him was lost until he returned to Paris, some days later, and, indeed, directly after he must have discovered that his most gracious Majesty had, by the mercy of Providence, taken a route different from that originally intended.

It has also to be brought to the notice of his most gracious Majesty's Government that Mr. Frayne parted from a lady to whom he was affianced, in the inn-yard in the Rue de la Licorne, and that some of their talk was overheard by a very worthy gentleman in the employ of his most gracious Majesty's Government, as an obtainer of evidence against those ill affected towards his most gracious Majesty's most welcome succession. Their talk was also overheard by others in small snatches and by parcels, some of it being very distinctly heard: the lady asking in one instance, "If he would do it?" and Mr. Frayne replying, "I will do it. For the King's sake. For James!" and saluting the white cockade which he wore as he spoke. Likewise, he stated, loudly and vauntingly, that his horse was possessed of mettle worth "a king's life," "a king's crown," and other similar expressions, all pointing to Mr. Frayne's determination to take his most gracious Majesty's life, if he were able to do so. It is of great importance too, and necessity, that it should be brought to the notice of his most gracious Majesty's Government that the lady to whom Mr. Rupert Frayne is betrothed, and who is one Mistress Rosamund Welby (daughter of a wealthy merchant of the City of London, recently deceased, he being drowned in crossing the Channel) was arrested that same day and taken to the Château of Vincennes, where she was confined prisoner until a month ago, when she broke prison and escaped with a man waiting for her on the *grande place* below the window, from which she lowered herself with a rope. And, since Mr. Rupert Frayne had been enabled to disappear for some time previous to this occurrence—a warrant for his arrest placed in the hands of an exempt having been lost and, consequently, not acted on—it is supposed that he, still rash and desperate, did in some way manage to convey to her that rope and thereby enable her so to break prison.

It is not at present known where Mr. Rupert Frayne and Mistress Rosamund Welby may have betaken themselves; but they have probably sought refuge in England.

And thus—garbled and mangled though it might be—the charge against Rupert Frayne made its way to the authorities in England a fortnight or so before the day fixed for his union with Rosamund.

(To be continued.)

The Late Dean Farrar

BY WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM

Photos by the Author

"SCIENCE is the interpretation of the laws of God's universe; it deepens our belief in everything that is lofty and ennobling, and it increases the knowledge of our conception of God and religion."

This was the reply which the late Dean Farrar gave to a question I put to him regarding the claim put forward by certain persons that science is antagonistic to religion. We were sitting in the study of the famous preacher in the Deanery at Canterbury. From the window of this study an admirable view is obtained of the classic cathedral, which unites in itself examples of every style of architecture that has flourished in England, and which is also a sacred Valhalla containing the dust of many illustrious personages whose names are recorded in the annals of fame. In addition, Canterbury, which at the beginning of the Saxon Heptarchy was the chief city of the Kingdom of Kent, is famous for having been the cradle of English Christianity, from which, as the late Dean Stanley points out, has flowed by direct consequence, "first Christianity to Germany; then, after a long interval, to North America; and

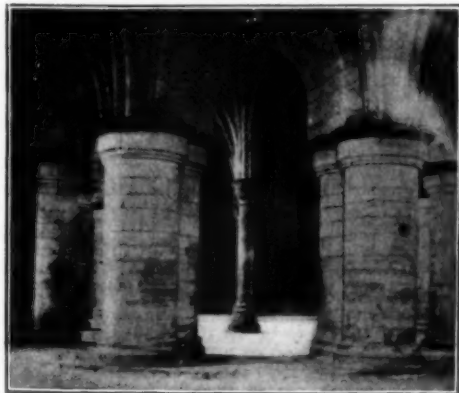


SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

lastly, we may trust, in time to all India and all Australia."

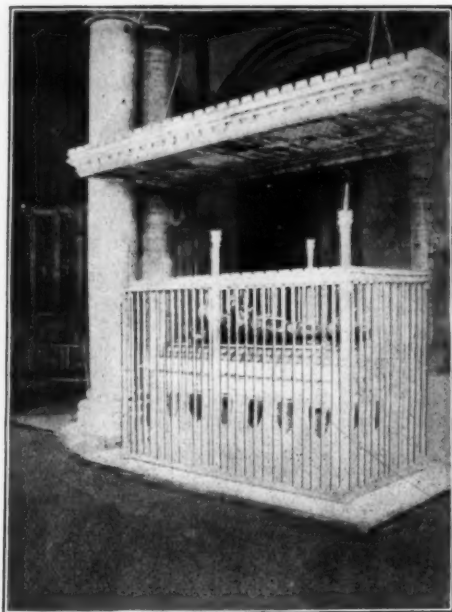
What changes have taken place in England since St. Augustine arrived on his holy mission from Rome in 597, and succeeded in converting King Ethelbert! But it may be said that, in spite of these marvellous changes, the continuity of our religious system, our laws and fundamental ethics have all sprung from the conversion of this Anglo-Saxon prince.

I called at the Deanery to interview Dr. Farrar shortly before he was stricken with paralysis, which gradually increased until he was at length unable to articulate clearly, but which left his mental powers unimpaired up to the day of his death. He had not returned from the morning service at the cathedral. I was shown into his study, which is a large, square room, elegantly furnished, and containing, in addition to a large



CRYPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
The Largest Subterranean Church in England.

The Late Dean Farrar



TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

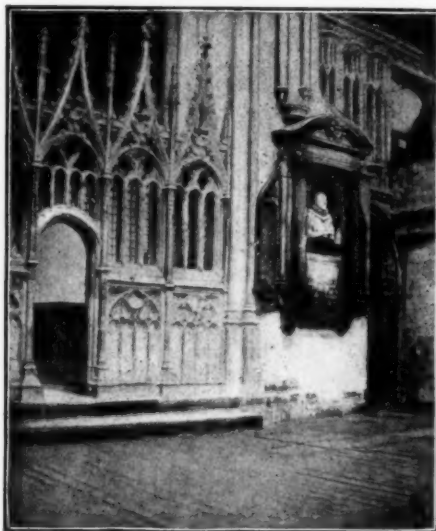
number of choice books in various languages, many curios gathered from all parts of the world. From the window a view is obtained not only of the cathedral but of the precincts, where formerly existed the dormitories, refectory, butteries, kitchen, and cellars of the monks, together with the chambers for hospitality built by Prior Chillenden in 1400.

When the renowned preacher and *littérateur* entered the Deanery, and I stated the object of my visit, he modestly remarked that he was afraid he could not afford me much information, but, with his characteristic good-nature, he added that he would do what he could for me. Seating himself in an arm-chair, his fingers pressed together in apex fashion, he gave one the impression not only of a strong man, but of one whose mind was well disciplined, and whose faith (as may be gathered from the sentence given above in reference to science and religion) was as robust as his learning was profound.

Knowing the interest which is taken in the careers of all distinguished men (especially the most pious, classical and Biblical scholars), I opened the conversation by asking him to relate some reminiscences of his early life. "That subject," he replied, "is too

large for me to refer to in detail and off-hand; but I may briefly state that my education began at a small Latin Grammar School at Aylesbury. I then went to the Isle of Man to reside with my parents, and was a student at King William's College. My parents only stayed in the island for a year, and when they returned to India I became a boarder at the College. I remained there until I was sixteen, when my father was appointed to the charge of the parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell. I again went to reside with my parents, and became a student at King's College, in the Strand. After being there for three years I was fortunate to obtain the Matriculation Scholarship and also the B.A. Scholarship at the London University, gaining the first prize at both examinations. I then proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where I gained the Chancellor's Prize for English Verse, and the Le Bas Classical Prize, and became Norrisian Prizeman. Eventually I was elected a Fellow."

In this connexion it may be pointed out that the successes gained at the University were only stepping-stones to the fame which Dr. Farrar achieved in later life, especially in hermeneutics. A writer in *The Edinburgh Review* once stated, in commenting on one of this prolific author's works, that they showed manifest research, generous comprehension, and many-sided



THE MARTYRDOM, SHOWING THOMAS À BECKETT'S MONUMENT

The Late Dean Farrar

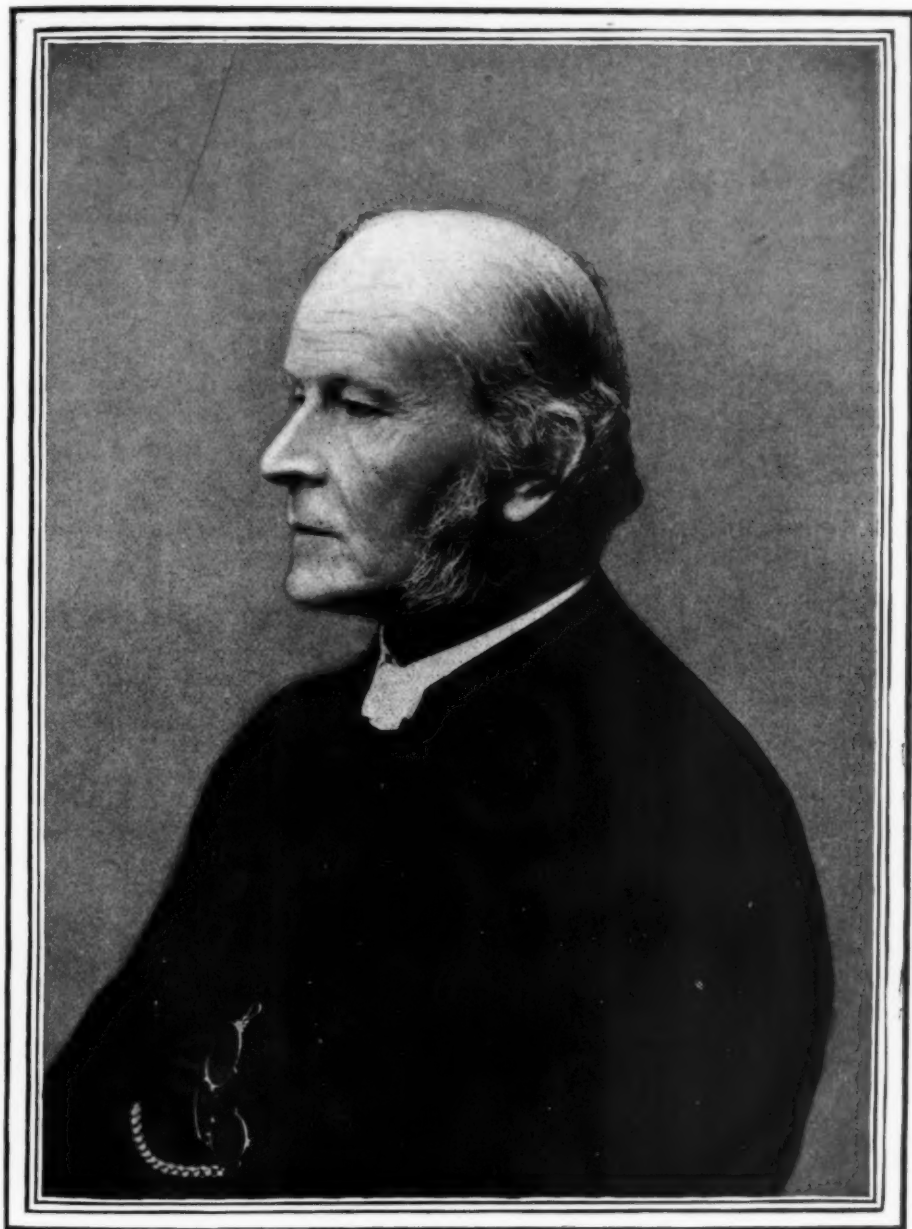


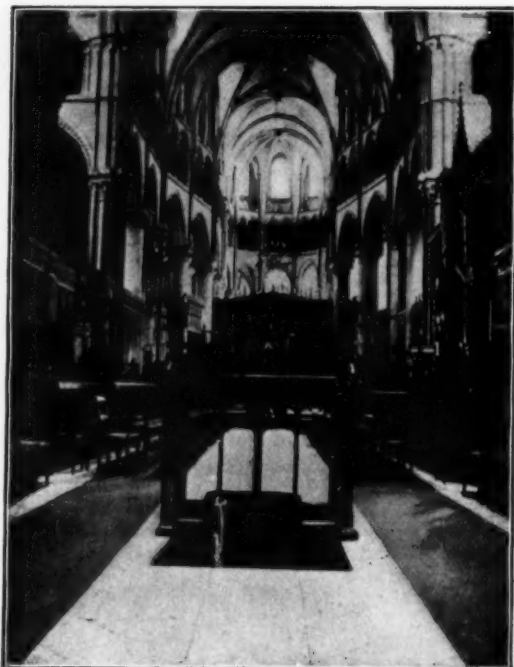
Photo by Colborne, Canterbury

culture. The amount of labour both in reading and writing might have taxed the capacities of a man who had nothing else to do, but during the time that his literary output was the greatest he was Canon of Westminster Abbey and Rector of St.

Margaret's, and had been discharging with conspicuous devotion the duties connected with a large and poor parish.

He was one of the most influential and popular preachers in London, and from time to time he also threw off such offshoots of

The Late Dean Farrar



THE CHOIR, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

his learning as *The Messages of the Books*—instructive lectures on all the books of the New Testament; *A Commentary on the Book of Wisdom* in the Speaker's "Apocrypha," and a course of Bampton Lectures on *The History of Interpretation*. Further, he was an ardent worker in the cause of total abstinence, and delivered innumerable lectures and sermons in all parts of the country. In short, it may be said that Dr. Farrar transformed into matters of household knowledge among the less learned and less leisured classes matters of religious history and textual criticism which without such aid would have too slowly and partially reached them. He not only rendered great public service to the English Church, but did much to popularise Christianity among the thousands who read his works.

Dean Farrar gave some interesting information as to his work immediately on leaving college. He said, "While I was studying at

Trinity, Bishop Cotton asked me to help him at Marlborough College, and after graduating I went there, taking charge of the sixth form."

"What led you to take Holy Orders?" I asked.

"It was always my intention to enter the Church. I was ordained deacon in 1854 by the Bishop of Salisbury, and three years later was admitted into Priest's Orders by the Bishop of Ely."

After staying a short time at Marlborough College, Mr. Farrar, as he then was, was asked by Dr. Vaughan to go to Harrow, and from first to last he was there for sixteen years. He afterwards became Headmaster of Marlborough, staying there for nearly six years. To his labours at Marlborough Dr. Cotton paid the following graceful tribute: "I never knew any one who had a greater power of stimulating intellectual exertion and literary taste. The impulse which he imparted to my Sixth Form was quite extraordinary. When boys first joined it they seemed in a very short time to be imbued

by him with a new intellectual life, and a real desire of knowledge and improvement for their own sakes."



THE DEANERY, FRONT VIEW

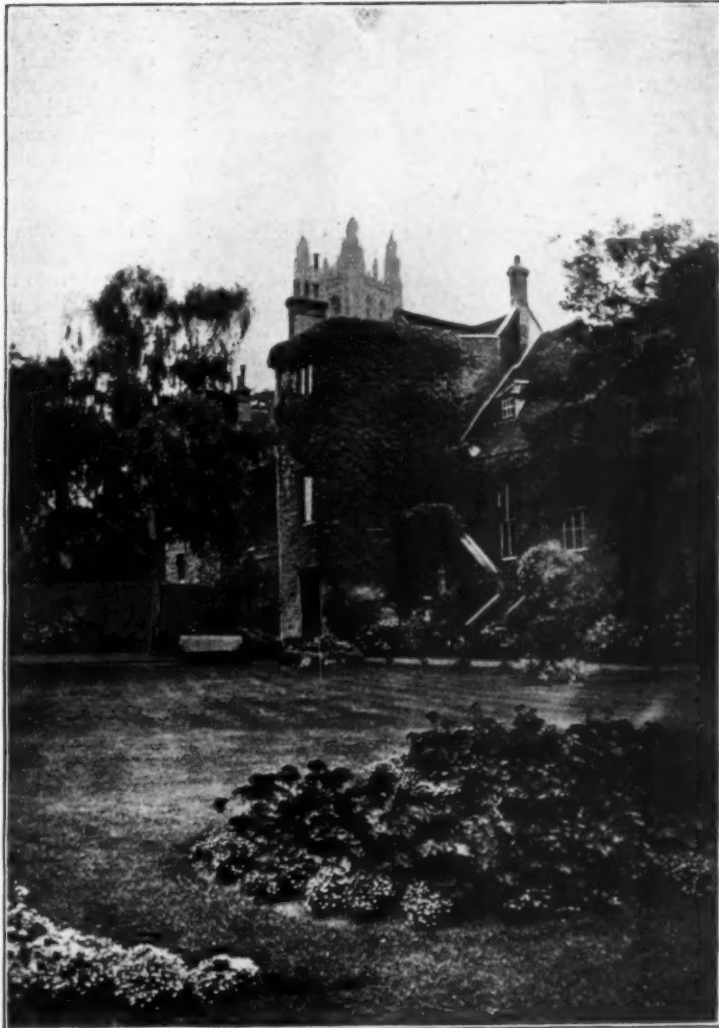
The Late Dean Farrar

Dr. Farrar's power as a preacher became recognised shortly after his ordination, and Dr. Vaughan, writing of his sermons in Harrow Chapel, once said: "Of some of them I retain to this distant day a lively and touching remembrance. I can describe them, without any risk of exaggeration, as having exercised a most powerful influence for good upon his hearers, not only in stimulating the conscience to a sense of duty, but also in quickening the soul in aspirations after heaven."

During recent years the educational question has come to be regarded as one of great political importance, and the public conscience has become thoroughly aroused on the matter, owing to the progress which America and Germany are making in the commercial world. The Dean was not only well qualified to give an *ex cathedra* judgment as to the defects of the system of public school education in England, owing to his having been headmaster of a great public school, but the eloquent addresses which he delivered at the Royal Institution had the remarkable practical result of upsetting for ever at Harrow the venerable system—more than 200 years old—of forcing and drilling all boys alike from their tenderest years to write Latin verses.

Lord Rosebery, who, by the way, was a

friend of Dr. Farrar, and who also takes a warm interest in education, lamented the fact, in his Rectorial Address to the students of Glasgow University, that the most illustrious of our public schools had no modern side. He pointed out that both Oxford and Cambridge still exact their dole of Latin and Greek, and expressed the opinion that from an imperial point of view, having regard to the changed conditions of the world, this is neither necessary, adequate, nor wise. In this connexion some of the late Dean's opinions may be quoted:—



THE DEANERY, FROM THE LAWN

The Late Dean Farrar



THE DEANERY DRAWING-ROOM

"So far from being half-finished, the real battle for educational reform has hardly begun. Latin and Greek still continue to be the all but exclusive staple of our education, and though a classical training conducted on wise principles and with reasonable methods is of the highest value, yet the many and serious evils which our present system of it involves have been resolutely ignored. But even if all the arguments in favour of a purely classical education were as tenable as half of them are fantastic, our present system of it is a complete and disastrous failure; and that it is so may be largely demonstrated alike by the criticism of its enemies and the repeated confessions of its friends. And if this be so, it is our clear duty as Englishmen, as patriots, nay, even as mere honest men, to make that system more worthy of its immense importance and of our national prestige."

In view of the importance of this aspect of the education question, I asked Dr. Farrar to give me his opinions more definitely as to the teaching of the two dead languages, and he replied: "Latin and Greek are for a large number of boys invaluable, because they are the key to the highest ancient history of the world. They are great languages in themselves, besides possessing the most splendid literatures. But when I was a master at Harrow, I very strongly opposed the wasting of the time of a large number of boys who had no capacity for the study. I also in

1868 delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution, urging that science should be introduced into our schools. A committee was afterwards formed which included myself, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and Archdeacon Wilson, and we drew up a report on the subject of Scientific Education. This was the beginning of a very great impulse towards introducing science into the curriculum of our schools, and there is now scarcely a single grade school which has not got its science master."

These remarks on the value of scientific training naturally led me to put the question to the Dean as to the influence of science on religion, and he replied in the characteristic words quoted at the commencement of this article.

Turning again to his early career, I asked the Dean to relate one or two incidents, especially with regard to his first attempt at preaching. He replied: "I preached my first sermon on the very day I was ordained at Salisbury. A clergyman who was to preach at Salisbury workhouse was taken ill, and I was asked to officiate for him. I remember it was a Christmas Day, and after I had been ordained I went to the workhouse and preached my sermon."

As has already been pointed out, Dr. Farrar was one of the most famous preachers of the day as well as one of our leading temperance advocates. I myself have seen him on platforms with men of such diversi-



DEAN FARRAR'S STUDY

The Late Dean Farrar

fied and religious views as the late Cardinal Manning and the late Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.—such was the robustness of his Christianity when common action was necessary to put down a crying evil. Although there were few who could deliver so stirring a speech without notes, he maintained that a written discourse is superior to an extempore sermon, and in support of this view he pointed out that all the great preachers have read their sermons. The Dean, however, avoided the slavish method of reading word for word, while his dialectical abilities, combined with a great oratorical power, caused the listener to forget that the sermon was written. It goes without saying that the famous *littérateur* was rapid in composition, for he could not otherwise have written the large number of books which, in various languages, were to be seen in his study.

But even with this facility in writing, it is worthy of note, as showing his passion for work, that during the period of his greatest literary activity he spent nearly ten hours daily in his study, and in addition had the care of the large parish of Westminster, the major portion of the residents of which are poor people. There was not a single case of sickness or trouble that he did not personally attend, although the ordinary parochial duties were undertaken by his three curates, one of whom was his son Erie, now Vicar of Hoxton. He was also, after being Canon, appointed Archdeacon of Westminster, and some years later became chaplain to the House of Commons.

Dr. Farrar spoke in affectionate terms of his old parish, remarking that he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life there. Although I had detained the renowned preacher for a considerable time—and he was most courteous in replying to all the questions I put to him—I could not refrain from inquiring as to the success of his books. "Which one," I remarked, "do you consider your *magnum opus*?" "Oh, undoubtedly *The Life of Christ*, which reached its twelfth edition in a single year. A remarkable feature of this work is that there have been two separate translations in Russia; it has also been translated into French, Swedish, Norwegian, German, Italian, and Dutch. Many of my other



THE TABLE AT WHICH DEAN FARRAR WROTE HIS SERMONS

works have also been very popular both at home and abroad. My *Eternal Hope* has had a very wide circulation all over the world."

In regard to the works of fiction which he wrote when he was a young man, Dr. Farrar said that two of the most popular had been *Eric* and *Julian Home*, and added: "Scarcely a week passes in which I do not receive some letters of thanks or commendation from perfect strangers who have read these books, and the same remark applies to my *Eternal Hope*."

I was then shown over the Deanery and the grounds, and had pointed out to me many of the interesting features of the late Dr. Farrar's beautiful home. Since the Reformation there have been thirty-one deans, and their portraits in oils adorn the walls of the Deanery. The grounds, too, contain several interesting mementos of the past, two of which may be specially mentioned—the old Roman wall which surrounds part of the spacious garden, and the mulberry trees, believed to be the oldest in England. I was courteously allowed to take photographs, not only of the house and grounds, but also of the Cathedral and some of the famous spots which are enshrined in the annals of fame. Dr. Farrar was as great a dean as he was a scholar and divine. But while his contributions to classic and theological literature have placed him in the front rank among original thinkers, he was as faithful to his pastoral duties as he was in advancing the interests of the historic building which guarded the shrine of Thomas à Beckett and the tomb of Edward the Black Prince.

The London Polytechnics

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING INSTITUTIONS.—A STORY OF
REAL LIFE, RESEMBLING A ROMANCE

BY F. M. HOLMES

GLOWING with light and life, the Polytechnic in Regent Street strikes the imagination as one of the most attractive and useful institutions for young people in London.

A brilliant centre of enjoyable and wholesome recreation, yet it offers a remarkable and comprehensive system of Technical,

can enter the School of Carriage-building; or, if he aim at becoming a giant of Commerce, and commanding the markets of the world, he can enrol himself in the Training School for Business.

Science, Art, Music, Architecture—all these great studies flourish here; as well as a Preparation School for those young

persons desirous of entering the Civil Service, and also University Classes for any laudably ambitious youths wishful to write B.A. (Lond.) or B.Sc. after their names. Students also can prepare for the L.L.A. of St. Andrews.

Instruction in practical trades abounds. Young men can gain tuition in such divers handicrafts as plumbing and tailors'-cutting, in carpentry and joinery, metal-turning, printing and linotype work, also—among other things—in professional photography and the mysteries



Photo by Gear, Chidley and Co.

REGENT STREET POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Trade, and Continuation Schools, so that it well deserves the name of a Technical University.

Should a young fellow desire to become an engineer—Electrical, Marine, Mechanical, or Civil—he can study his profession in one or more of the five sections into which the Polytechnic School of Engineering is divided.

Or, should he aspire to place himself fully abreast of the times, and construct the whizzing motor-car of the future, he

of photo-etching, the making of tone-blocks, and of tri-colour pictures. Quite a number of special classes are also conducted for young women, their branch establishment being near by in Langham Place.

Rouse yourselves, young workers, cries the Polytechnic, rouse yourselves to do something really useful, and to do it efficiently; raise your ambition to become thoroughly skilful and competent, for it is the unskilled and the incapable who first fall to the earth in the great battle of life.

The London Polytechnics

Happily, thousands of young people respond to the inspiring call; and at this establishment alone, with its annexes, flourish more than six hundred classes weekly in almost every department of Technical, Practical Trade, and Secondary education—classes which are attended by quite an army of students, winning hundreds of prizes and certificates at qualifying and competitive examinations.

Nor is this the only Institution of its kind in London. Nearly a dozen other Polytechnics dot the vast expanse of the great city, sending forth the light and warmth of their instruction and social enjoyment. But the pioneer of them all, and the largest and the most varied in its manifold operations, is still the well-known institution in Regent Street, which rejoices in the name of *The Polytechnic*—the others taking a local and qualifying title as the Battersea, the Northern, or the South-Western.

Now, behind a Movement you will generally find a Man; and behind the Regent Street Polytechnic was Mr. Quintin Hogg until his lamented death this year. The man of a movement has generally a master-thought, and the dominant idea ruling the great enterprise throughout is the common-sense principle that young men being many-sided require provision for their physical, intellectual, and social as well as spiritual wants, and that not one of these sides to their nature can be neglected, but to the detriment of the others. Hence the Regent Street Polytechnic is not only a great centre of Technical Teaching, but it is also a bright and pleasant club, connected with which are all kinds of societies and meetings for wholesome recreation, social enjoyment, and spiritual edification.

It claims, in a word, to be the most attrac-

tive and successful club for young men from sixteen to twenty-six, in the kingdom; and its list of societies or sections—about forty in number—occupy, with those of a corresponding Institution for young women, a pamphlet of several pages.

They present a wonderful variety. Thus, if you do not care to discuss the affairs of the nation in the "Poly" Parliament, with over five hundred members, you may perhaps like to practise the art of Boxing in the Great Hall, or compare the triumphs of your camera with the glories of your neighbour in the Polytechnic Photographic Society.

There is the Gymnasium, which boasts over a thousand members; the Cycling Club, which has been so successful that for six consecutive years one of its swift riders has carried off the Championship of London; the Swimming Bath, with the first Polo team of swimmers which ranks as one of the best in town, and has held the Southern Counties Championship; the Rifle Club and Volunteer Companies, one of which—the Medical Staff Corps—holds the Challenge Shield for drill contests and general efficiency.

Rowing and rambling find their votaries, the Ramblers' Club being indeed one of the largest societies; Cricket and Football sections flourish, and also a Harriers' Club for those who run; while, of course, there are Library and Reading Rooms. Among other sections are a Sketching Club, a Natural History Society, a Physical Development Institute, and Orchestral and Military Bands which take part in the Saturday night "Poly" concerts at the Queen's Hall and in the special religious services on the Sunday. Undenominational religious meetings of some kind are held every evening except Saturday, while Mr.

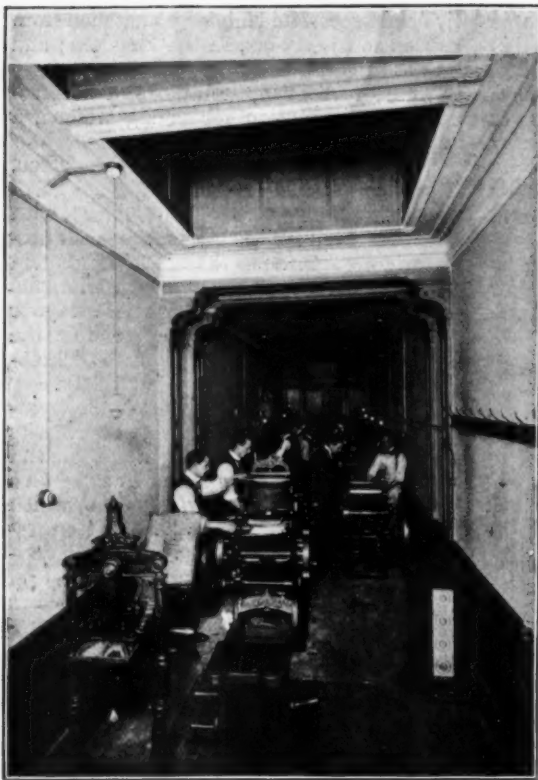


Photo by
H. T. Reed

Copyright of the
Regent Street
Polytechnic

QUINTIN HOGG

The London Polytechnics



PRACTICAL PRINTING CLASS

and Mrs. Quintin Hogg held Bible classes for young men and women respectively every Sunday afternoon. Nor do these sections exhaust the list, which includes holiday trips—to which, moreover, non-members and the general public are admitted; a Labour and Reception Bureau, a Friendly Society, and a Polytechnic Lodge of Freemasonry. In short, so varied and attractive are the amusements and societies, that it is

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not surprising the "Poly" counts its members and friends by thousands.

In a sense the Institute or Club is distinct from the Schools, that is, a young man or woman can become a member of the one without joining the other; but members of the Institute obtain reductions on their fees should they become students in the classes.

The history of this triumphantly successful Institution reads like a romance. When Mr. Quintin Hogg was a boy at Eton, he conducted a Bible class among the lads of his House, and when he came to London about 1863 or 4, he was struck with the absence of rational recreation and instruction for boys about the streets. He thought of entering into Mission work, and he himself has said that he felt he should go mad unless he did something to help the wretched little fellows.

He began with a couple of cross-ing-sweepers in the Adelphi Arches, and offered to teach them to read. For a candlestick he had an empty beer-bottle, and for reading-books a couple of Bibles.

Suddenly an interruption occurred.



PRACTICAL PLUMBING CLASS

The London Polytechnics

The boys raised a cry of mysterious slang and rushed away, leaving their young teacher to face the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern alone. Mr. Hogg and the policeman appear to have stared at one another with mutual satisfaction, and then the guardian of law and order moved on, and Mr. Hogg determined to discover how such boys as these really did live, and what was their language and their real wants. He therefore went on the streets himself as a shoeblack for two or three nights a week during a space of six months, sleeping out of doors as the boys did, and mingling with them.

A Ragged School was started in earnest, and one night when Mr. Hogg was in bed at his father's house in Carlton Gardens with a feverish cold, one of the lads rushed to the door, saying there was a disturbance in the school, for the boys were fighting the police. Mr. Hogg hurried on his clothes, and arriving at the scene of the riot, cried out for the boys to stop. They did so instantly, and he realised that he possessed power for managing elder boys.

The school prospered exceedingly, and by and by boys of a different type and appearance came to attend; the Hanover Institute was started—so called because it was located in Hanover Street, Endell Street, Long Acre. The new building became crowded every night, the Ragged School proceeding as before, and larger premises were taken for the Institute during 1878 in the great thoroughfare of Long Acre. Here classes of a higher grade were started, and the vigorous society came into connexion with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Here too Mr. Robert Mitchell, who had acted as honorary secretary, undertook the office of Education Director, an office which he still



PRACTICAL CARRIAGE BUILDING

holds, and has filled with such distinguished ability.

A few years later the Polytechnic building in Regent Street was offered for sale. The premises were exactly what Mr. Quintin Hogg desired, and after consultation with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. W. T. Paton, he bought the place.

They moved in on Sunday, September 25, 1882, when the large hall was crowded at the opening services as full as it could hold. New members flocked to the institution, Mr. Hogg making a point of seeing personally every one; over a thousand new fellows joined in one night, and he was busy from a quarter-past five in the evening until a quarter-past one next morning. Progress was ever onward, and in 1885 Mr. J. E. K. Studd, an old Etonian and Captain of the Cambridge Eleven in 1884, became an honorary secretary of the Institution.

Two years later Mr. Hogg bought the lease of buildings in Langham Place—a continuation of Regent Street—for the Young Women's Polytechnic, which grew out of Mrs. Hogg's classes, and the membership ranges from a thousand to eleven hundred. It is managed on similar principles to the Men's Polytechnic, having quite a number of Societies and social gatherings. The girls meet for debates, music, and games, and if they do not wrestle at football or strive at cricket, they

The London Polytechnics

engage in lawn-tennis, the swimming-bath is reserved for their use one night in the week, and they have their own gymnasium in Balderton Street. Schools of Cookery, Dressmaking, Music, Millinery, Telegraphy, Ambulance Work, and Home Nursing are also conducted for them.

Altogether Mr. Hogg has spent about £150,000 on the whole enterprise, contributing up to 1889 some thousands yearly towards the deficit in their maintenance. The class fees vary considerably, from a few

English boys will not easily be driven, but they will follow a good leader, and such a one they had in Mr. Quintin Hogg.

Happily, many other Polytechnics have arisen in various quarters of the town, though in none is the social side so greatly developed as in Regent Street. The nation is awaking to the fact that the old system of apprenticeship has broken down, while the application of science and art to practical trades was increasing so rapidly that learners needed more instruction than ever.

City Companies came forward with assistance, and pecuniary help was available from City Parochial Charities working largely under schemes of the Charity Commissioners. The City of London Parochial Charities Act was passed in 1883, and enabled large sums to be given for the founding of Polytechnics. Further, ten years later, the London County Council established the Technical Education Board under powers conferred by the Technical Instruction Acts passed by Parliament; and a word must now be given to this valuable body.

The Council established a Committee comprising twenty of its own members, together with representatives of the London School Board, the City Parochial Charities, the City and Guilds of London Institute, the London Trades Council, and others, including two members co-opted by the Council, and forming a Board of thirty-five members.

From the first the Board has pursued the policy of developing and assisting the various Polytechnics in London, although it

undertakes other and important work in the promotion of Technical instruction. Out of a total expenditure reaching some £180,000 or £190,000 annually it subsidises the Polytechnics to the extent of about £40,000. Various other Technical and Trade Schools in the metropolis are wholly maintained, or partly assisted, by the Board, as for instance the London County Council School of Photo-engraving and Lithography in Bolt Court, the Trade School at the Shoreditch Technical Institute, and the grants made to the St. Bride's Foundation Institute.



Photo by Gear, Chidley and Co.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE: WOMEN'S BRANCH

shillings to several guineas, but many of them are very low, while the Technical and Continuation Schools are aided by the London County Council through the Technical Education Board.

It is the personal touch and the individual attention which Mr. Hogg gave that have so greatly conduced to the splendid success of his undertaking. He was wont to be on the spot early in the morning, and also late at night, both he and Mr. Mitchell sleeping on the premises. They were always among the lads, and their energy and devotion seemed to know no bounds.

The London Polytechnics

Further there is the system of "County" Scholarships—Junior, Intermediate, and Senior—forming as it were the much-talked-of ladder from the Elementary Schools to the Universities; while the Board also offers a large number of Scholarships and Exhibitions in Science and Art, Commercial Education, Domestic Economy, and also Horticulture—these last tenable at the Swanley College and at the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens, Regent's Park. It is however with the Board's relation to the Polytechnics that we are now concerned.

Battersea has its Polytechnic in Battersea Park-road, electrical engineering being a feature of its work. Chelsea, across the river, boasts its Institution, called the South-western Polytechnic, in the Manresa-road.

In the south-east flourishes the Borough-road Polytechnic in Southwark, at which institution exists a "National Bakery School"; also in the south-east is the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross—an establishment maintained by the Goldsmiths' Company. In the east we find the People's Palace Technical College, its classes having been organised by Mr. Robert Mitchell of the Regent Street Polytechnic, and its working expenses paid for by the Drapers' Company. In Jewry Street stands Sir John Cass's Institute; while Woolwich has the Woolwich Polytechnic in William Street, an establishment in which Mr. Hogg took great interest, and which is managed by a former pupil of the Regent Street institution. Naturally, the Woolwich Polytechnic is largely attended by artisans from the Arsenal, and metal-work forms a special feature of its curriculum.

The City has three separate buildings, together forming the City Polytechnic. These are the well-known and long-established "Birkbeck" near Chancery Lane,

the likewise long-established City of London College in White Street, Moorfields, which of late has shown such great developments, and the Northampton Institute in Clerkenwell, to which the Saddlers' and Skinners' Companies give substantial subsidies. Sir John Cass's Institute at Hackney, which was established by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, will probably blossom out as a full-blown Polytechnic for that extensive neighbourhood, while at Holloway stands the Northern Polytechnic in the Holloway-road.

Speaking of these institutions generally, it may be said that much of the instruction



DRESS-CUTTING CLASS

is so excellent that the re-organised University of London recognises the education as suitable for students desiring to take its degrees. Technical instruction however does remain a very marked feature of the work; here you may see young men busy at brick-laying, or brick-cutting; there the plumber is active with his hot irons and his lead; anon you find pupils in telegraphy and opticians' work, and in another room classes in electro-chemistry and metallurgy.

The old methods of learning a craft have no doubt largely changed; but these new Trade Schools, with their efficient instruction, wide outlook, and varied attractions, promise to supply any defects and to equip many thousand students for holding their own in the keen competition of the world.

Dark Days in Dockland

BY G. F. MILLIN

"WHERE'S Ted?" asked Tom Macaulay of a thin-faced, jaded-looking woman, just inside the front room of a small "tenement house" in the neighbourhood of the London Docks.

"Why, where you ought to be," was the answer that came keen and quick, like another of the thrusts of conscience that had been troubling the questioner. "He's out with his mates carryin' a banner."

It was the time of the great dock strike. The dockers were parading the streets, but Tom Macaulay had given his mates the slip, as he mentally expressed it. He winced under the sharp rebuke, and turned away without a word. As he passed into the street a lady moved towards the door of the house and looked at the young man as though she would have spoken to him. But Tom Macaulay studiously averted his gaze, for he was rather afraid of the lady's quiet face and honest, penetrating eyes, and he had his own reasons for suspecting that she would have something plain and pungent to say to him one of these days. The young man went his way, and the lady moved into the house, where she was received with affectionate respect by the woman whose sharp tongue had given Tom his quietus.

"I was on'y this mornin' wishin' you'd come in, Miss Kronrath," said the woman—the wife of Tom's brother Ted—after a little discussion of her own troubles, "for there's them two poor old Merlocks in the back room, and I do believe they be a-starvin'."

"Poor old souls, I'll go and see them," said the lady, rising from the broken chair on which she had found a somewhat precarious lodgment, and she passed down the dark passage into a horrible little den at the far end, where she found the two old creatures and a young girl who had charitably come in from next door, with a little hot broth, with which she was feeding the helpless old man as Margaret Kronrath entered. The girl instantly set down the basin, and held out both hands to the visitor, who took them and kissed her.

"I'm very pleased to see thee, May," she said, putting a hand on either shoulder and holding the girl back to look at her face.

It was a face well worth looking at—not 654

strictly pretty, but striking and interesting, and if May had chanced to have been born the daughter of a duke instead of a docker, society would have had much to say about the witchery of it. Eyes and eyebrows and hair were of the blackest. The complexion was of a light olive, and the features all clearly and delicately cut. The nose was a little irregular, and was the one feature of the face that detracted from its perfect beauty. The lines of the mouth were very sweet and pretty, and the teeth were pearly and regular. It was altogether a face quite out of the common, and one could imagine it looking out from its grim, coarse, vulgar surroundings in the region of the docks, away towards the wealth and refinement of the West, not with the wonder and rude admiration of the common herd, but with the keen deep delight of natural affinity.

"Thou art helping thy neighbours, lassie," said Margaret Kronrath, with a smile that went to the heart of the girl like the sunshine of heaven's approval.

"God bless 'er, yes," broke in the old woman, "she do 'elp everybody she can. There ain't nobody willinger than May."

Under Margaret's smile and the fervent benediction of the old woman, the girl blushed very prettily, and modestly dropped her eyes.

There was a little cheery talk to the old people, and a little dole of relief handed over to the young girl for their benefit, and then the Quaker lady turned to the door. "I'd like to talk with thee, May," she said. "Let us go to thy room."

The visitor and her young friend were presently seated side by side in the one dull and cheerless but clean and tidy apartment that constituted the girl's home. Margaret Kronrath seemed more than usually tender and affectionate with her, and she sat beside her, and held her hand in silence for some moments.

"I saw Thomas Macaulay coming out of Eliza's house as I went in," she said at length. "Did thee see him, May?"

A deep flush suffused the sensitive face of the girl at the mention of the name, and her smile gave place to an expression of pain and embarrassment. "No," she whispered.

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"Hath he forgotten thee, dear?"

"Yes," breathed the girl, and tears instantly filled the dark eyes. Margaret sat holding her hand in silence and deep thought.

"Thy affections are still set on the young man?" asked the Quakeress, in the tenderest of tones.

The girl spoke no word, but her cold and trembling hand, and the tears that now chased each other down her pale cheeks, gave the answer only too plainly.

"How long has thee loved him, May?"

The girl's head fell on the shoulder of her friend, and she murmured, "Always—always." And while the darkness deepened in the dreary little room, little by little, and in a very broken and disjointed fashion, Margaret Kronrath drew from the dock-labourer's daughter the story she had never heard before—a story the Quaker lady found as surprising as it was pathetic.

When May Morrison was about six years of age, and in all the wide world had no relative but a father who was in hospital, Tom Macaulay, a curly-headed, bare-footed little nomad, almost as friendless as herself, found her one night curled up under one of the stalls in Spitalfields market and took pity on her, and from that moment, throughout their childhood, he had been her guardian, her champion, her hero. He fed her and fought for her, and found her warm corners when she could not get shelter, and took her to see the sights of London—the Lord Mayor's show, the Beef-



"HATH HE FORGOTTEN THEE, DEAR?"

eaters at the Tower, "Black Maria," and the Bobbies taking the prisoners from the police-courts, and so on. To her, nobody in the world had seemed so brave or strong or clever as Tom Macaulay, and she had grown up in the love of him and trusted him with all her young heart, and she believed that he had loved her until—until—and as the broken story came to an end in a passionate flood of tears, Margaret Kronrath took the girl in her arms and wept with her.

"My poor child, my poor child," she said, and in the darkening room the two sat long in silence—the young girl with her heart's-wound still bleeding, and the woman with

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a great grief of her own, that she had supposed buried deep under the accumulated experiences of years, suddenly quickened into life, and brought vividly back to a heart that she had schooled into submission until she had supposed that on that score at least it could never suffer another pang.

"Hadn't thee better get away from here?" asked the lady at length. "I'll help thee, May."

"No, no," said the girl, clinging to her. "Not yet."

"Thee had better."

"No, no," persisted the girl. "They are not engaged. P'raps they won't be."

Margaret Kronrath sighed deeply. She hadn't the heart to crush out the girl's lingering hope, though she saw clearly the probability that while May had been cherishing a passionate attachment, it had never been with Tom Macaulay anything more than a boyish interest, that in the ordinary course of things had given way to other interests and other sentiments as boyhood had merged into manhood and other associations and attractions had presented themselves.

The autumn stars were now peering down into the gloomy little upper chamber, and as Margaret Kronrath sat and looked out upon them, an unusually heavy weight of sadness oppressed her. The simple story of this poor working girl, so utterly unimportant and insignificant as she would be in the estimation of the great world, for the moment seemed to her only the latest manifestation of that great world's sorrow and suffering. The desolate anguish of this young heart was but a part of the great throbbing and aching of all humanity, and seemed to bring the tragic mystery of it all close and heavy upon her own heart. She seemed to be going again through that Gethsemane of her own past, and it was with a great difficulty that she roused herself to speak a few parting words to the girl. There was nothing to be done for her. She could only pour upon the forsaken maiden the wealth of her sympathy and leave events to time. "Good-night, May," she said, as at length she rose to go. "Thee must submit patiently to all that God permits for thee, and I would have thee try and wean thyself from this young man."

The girl smiled sadly. "I'll try, Margaret Kronrath," she said; "but," she added, with something like an attempt at gaiety, "you don't know how hard it is."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, lassie," replied the Quakeress. "Tell Eliza Macaulay I can't talk with her to-night, but I'll see her again in a day or two, it may be to-morrow." And Margaret Kronrath went out into the night, her soul heavy within her. She loved these poor people, and her love drew from them all that was best and noblest in them as certainly as the magnet draws the steel, and the burden of all their troubles lay very heavy upon her.

When May Morrison had parted with her visitor she raked together the embers of her fire and warmed another basin of broth, intending it for the old woman she had left in the next house. As she passed Eliza Macaulay's open door on her way to the room at the back, she saw, under the light of a smoky little lamp upon the mantelpiece, the burly form of Ted Macaulay, Tom's brother, lying across the rickety little table with his head on his outstretched arms and sobbing like a child. The rough fellow had just come in famished and worn out and overwrought by anxiety and excitement, and without a word he had dropped into a chair, flung himself across the table and burst into tears.

"Take a little o' this, Mr. Macaulay," said the girl in a pleasant and gentle voice, and laying a hand on the man's shoulder.

"'Ere's May ha' brought you some broth, Ted," said the wife. "Take it; it'll do ye good."

The man took the broth, and May stood by with a quiet smile of beneficence on her face as the man lapped in the steaming fluid, which seemed speedily to restore him. She did not observe Tom Macaulay, who had by this time returned to the room. He stood just beyond the light of the lamp, and watched the young girl with a pensive air, but said nothing, and when the broth was gone May Morrison took the basin and went out of the room. She had only just got outside into the passage when Tom spoke, and his voice arrested her, and she paused.

"I s'pose you have been knocking yourself up, Ted," said the younger brother.

"Yes, but you ain't though," was the prompt and rather disconcerting reply. "Why wa'n't you out with us to-day?"

"I wa'n't up to it," said Tom.

"Up to it! We was none of us up to it. I thought I should ha' dropped afore I got to Hyde Park."

"Seen the notice?" asked Tom, coming at once to the subject which was uppermost

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in his mind, and which was really what he had wanted to see his brother about.

"What notice?" grunted Ted.

"Why, they have put out a bill offerin' to take on six hundred hands, and keep 'em goin' reg'lar at a pound a week."

Ted Macaulay burst out with such a torrent of invective against anybody and everybody who should come in to help the masters by accepting such an offer, that his brother looked decidedly taken back. He stood with his hands deep down in his trousers-pockets, his back against the wall, and a look of ruminating doubt on his face.

"Yes," he said in answer to his brother's prediction of a certain victory if they could only hold out long enough. "They can win if they hold out long enough. But," he added after a pause of deep thought, "it's good pay and reg'lar work for them as likes to go in."

Ted, now that he had been set going again, talked boisterously and savagely. His brother said little or nothing. He listened in contemplative silence, and he presently left the house without having expressed any opinion one way or the other. He had not gone many paces from the door when he was stopped by a light touch on his elbow. It was May Morrison.

In the great outside world there was of course a diversity of opinion about the strike, but in the world to which Tom and May belonged there was no diversity at all. To everybody there, the cause of the dock-labourers was the cause of poverty against wealth, of right against wrong, of weakness against strength, and on all hands May had heard "blacklegs" denounced in every



"I WOULDN'T DO IT IF I WAS YOU, TOM"

possible combination of violent and contemptuous language. The intuitive perception that Tom Macaulay, of all the people in the world, was wavering on the verge of such rascality, overwhelmed her with astonishment and dismay. All her old feeling of interest in him was set aflame, and she followed him, forgetful of everything but her desire to save him if she could.

"Tom," she said, in a tone of anxious timidity, "you're not goin' to get took on, are you?"

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"What's that to do with you, May?" asked Tom in rude ill-humour.

They were just in the light of the street lamp, and May visibly quailed under the rebuff. Tom saw it and perhaps was smitten with some touch of compunction. "I ain't said nothing about getting took on, May," he added in a gentler tone. "What's put that into your head?"

"I heard what you said indoors," replied the girl, averting her face as though going to cry, "and I thought—I thought——"

"Well, what *did* you think? You be always thinking something, May," said the young man more good-humouredly, and sticking his back against the lamp-post. "S'pose I did. What then? A good many chaps 'll do it."

May had half hoped that he would indignantly deny the impeachment. This attitude of defence and justification of what she felt to be an inexpressible meanness and treachery came to the quiet but spirited girl with something of the sickening sense of surprise and dismay she had experienced when, as a child, the sawdust had all gone out of her doll. For the first time in her life she blazed at him with something like scorn in her brilliant black eyes. But it was only for an instant. As she looked full into the face she loved so well the contemptuous flash died out.

"Oh, Tom," she said very sorrowfully, "I should never ha' thought you'd ha' done it."

"Done what?" said Tom irritably. "I never said I was goin' to do nothin'."

"*Ain't* you goin' to do it, Tom?" asked the girl earnestly.

That was a poser. The young man was just a little too honest flatly to deny his half-formed purpose, but he hadn't the hardihood to admit it, and he looked supremely uncomfortable under the keen scrutiny of those brilliant dark eyes.

"I ain't said nothin' about it," he persisted, "but if I was to do it, why, it wouldn't be only me as it'd do good to. I could keep Ted and his young 'uns till the strike was over, and—I wouldn't mind 'elpin' some o' the rest of ye."

"Oh, Tom," said the girl in a broken voice, "d'ye think Ted 'd take your money, or me either? Not if I was dyin', Tom—not if you turns against all your mates in this fight."

"Oh well, you could do as you liked about that," replied Tom brusquely. "But I ain't offered ye anything yet, have I?"

"I wouldn't do it if I was you, Tom," pleaded the girl with piteous earnestness, and laying her hand on his arm. "You'll have everybody against you. It ain't like you, Tom."

For a moment the lad looked into her upturned face and seemed inclined to yield to the old power of persuasion, but probably the thought of another face recurred to him, and he shook off her hand impatiently.

"I ain't said I was goin' to do it, and I don't see as you've got any cause to bother your 'ead about it, anyway."

"No, of course I ain't now," said the girl with quivering lip and averted face, "only I thought—I thought—as—you was different, Tom," and with that she burst into tears and disappeared in the darkness.

* * * * *

Tom Macaulay was a smart-looking lad though only a casual dock-labourer. He was rather more than the middle height, strongly built, straight as a poplar, with a curly head of hair, and a bright, good-tempered-looking face. Tom did better than most at the dock gates, for he was young and vigorous, active and willing, and, as might be expected, he got taken on when older and feebler men were overlooked.

And it was not only at the dock gates that Tom was something of a favourite. He was generally popular with the fair sex, and there were few of the damsels of his acquaintance who would not have been proud to "walk out" with Tom Macaulay.

Tom, however, had never appeared to be of the impressionable sort, and in so far as he was susceptible to the fascination of the fair, he was generally understood to be appropriated. May Morrison was the only girl he ever paid much attention to, and even with her there seemed to be no engagement. But Tom seemed supremely contented with her, and as for May, she worshipped him most devoutly. And so things had gone on.

But after a time came Flossy Foster to live in Fulwood Square, and fickle Tom seemed at once to be attracted to her for the very opposite reason that some of the gossips had assigned for his attachment to May. Flossy was a showy blonde, rich in colour, full in form, strong and self-assertive, and, under the fire of her bold eye, Tom's love for the gentle May seemed at once to dwindle and wither.

From the day that Tom and Flossy met, poor May had the sorrow of seeing her

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hero's allegiance withdrawn, and herself forgotten and neglected.

Tom frequently saw her, and was sometimes smitten with compunction at the silent reproach he read in her eyes; but though he was often a little troubled this way—for he wasn't a bad-hearted lad—such feelings always gave way to the power of Flossy's daring eyes and the captivating coquetry of her manner.

Perhaps his captivation would not have been so complete if Tom had met with no rivalry. But he was not the only eligible young man in that part of the world, and it soon became evident that Flossy had other adherents, and he and Dick Clements were in deadly rivalry almost before they were aware of it.

In all respects but one Tom had the better of his rival. He was the smarter, better-looking lad of the two by far. He could sing a good song; used to be, as he expressed it, a bit of a fist at the German concertina, until he had unfortunately lost his instrument. A chap borrowed it, he was wont to explain, when expatiating on his own musical tastes and acquirements, and never brought it back again. When Tom first told this to Flossy she rather nonplussed him by satirically inquiring whether the chap had three brass balls over his door. Tom looked awkward, but he assured her that the chap hadn't, though there was always something a little mysterious about the loss of that concertina, and pending its return Tom had taken to the mouth-organ as a means of giving expression to the music of his soul, and on this instrument the young man held himself to be even a greater "dab" than on the German concertina. Then he was rather smart at repartee and was full of funny stories—accomplishments in all of which Dick Clements was conspicuously lacking.

The one respect in which Dick had the advantage of Tom Macaulay, however, was very serious in the eyes of all eligible damsels down in the neighbourhood of Fulwood Square. In the dialect of the locality Dick Clements had a "regular job." He was a carman at 17s. 6d. a week. The income certainly was not quite up to housekeeping level for a dressy young woman like Flossy Foster, but then there was a good prospect of a rise in six months. It was far better than any casual job, and the remorseless Flossy never scrupled to take every opportunity to taunt poor

Tom with his great inferiority to his rival in this respect, and she had given him many a fit of the blues by her sneers and insinuations. So merciless had she been, indeed, that she had more than once brought Tom Macaulay to the very verge of a revulsion of feeling towards her. He was fascinated by her killing eyes and her sprightly vivacity, but he could not help feeling that there was something mean and ungenerous in perpetually taunting him with what he could not help.

"There ain't any reg'lar jobs goin'," he said testily one day when, after her manner, Flossy had been descanting on the advantages of regular incomes. "If there was, I should be in for one. Things 'll be busier by and by."

"There's plenty of 'em for them as knows how to get 'em," said his tormentor, with just the slightest elevation of her "tip-tilted" nose. "Anyhow, Dick Clements has managed to get one."

It was desperately aggravating, and Tom sometimes felt half inclined to hate her as cordially as he did Dick, and to cut the whole connexion.

"What's the use o' jollyng a chap, Floss?" he would ask. "I gets good money at the docks sometimes, and I——"

"Oh, yes—sometimes," Flossy would echo with contemptuous emphasis.

Then Tom would begin to get nasty, and there were often occasions when in his thoughts he would turn to May Morrison, who never had for him anything but words and looks of friendliness and appreciation. Flossy, however, with the instinct of a born coquette, could always tell when she had gone far enough, and, by a few deft complimentary allusions to Tom's points of superiority, would soon have him back again at her feet.

But this matter of regular employment was a perpetual blister on the young man's spirit. He had made many attempts to get other work, but nothing had come of them, and his main hope was that some day he might get taken on upon the regular dock staff.

And now at last the chance seemed to have come. Here was an offer of regular and permanent employment at a pound a week. It would beautifully cap Dick Clements' seventeen-and-sixpence with an extra half-crown, and immediately put Tom where his rival only vaguely hoped to be in six months' time.

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Tom's heart leaped into his mouth as he read the announcement, and on the instant he more than half resolved to go in. Nobody had been fiercer than he in denunciation of "blacklegs," and May Morrison's intervention gave him most uncomfortable qualms, and for some time after she had left him he wandered about the streets painfully torn between two longings. One was to be able to go to Flossy Foster in the exultation of triumph, with Dick Clements beaten at every point; the other to be able to meet May, and tell her she had been all wrong—that he was an honest chap still, and no traitor to his mates. That quiet, earnest face of hers, and those dark eyes had really been more of a power in Tom's life than he had been aware of, and the thought of May's look of delighted approval seemed now to be drawing him from the verge of what, in his conscience, he could not but feel was an abyss of meanness and opprobrium.

Tom wavered long, and what would have been his final decision if fortune had favoured him, or had even merely let him alone to make up his own mind, is perhaps doubtful. Fortune, however, just at the critical point, brought him in his wanderings face to face with one of the dock Committee's agents whom he knew. This astute functionary was on the prowl for waverers like Tom Macaulay, and had no difficulty at all in turning the scale in favour of a regular berth and a pound a week, and lest he should be "got at" by the other side and be persuaded to alter his mind, he induced him to go straight away to the docks at once, and led him off.

Tom was walking by the side of his conductor, and they were within a hundred yards of the dock gates they were making for, when a figure drew out from one of the little groups of grim-looking men lounging about street-corners, came up from behind, and walked a few paces by his side.

"You'll be sorry for this, Tom Macaulay. You mark my words," said the stranger, and disappeared again without being recognised.

Tom was startled, but he went doggedly on, and in a minute or two he was safe within the dock gates.

To his great surprise he found himself suddenly transferred from a world of privation and suffering, strife and discord, to one of peace and abundance, ease and harmony.

A large floor of one of the dock warehouses had been converted into a comfortable concert hall. A piano had been lifted from the cabin of a ship lying alongside the quay, and some of the friends of the directors and officers of the companies had come down to entertain the men, and keep them in good-humour and content in their confinement, by singing and playing to them. There was a canteen from which food and drink were supplied at low prices; two or three hundred men had all got their pipes and their glasses, and when Tom appeared upon the scene there was a roaring chorus going on. He felt it was almost as good as a music-hall, and settled down among them with great satisfaction.

The concert came to an end about ten o'clock, and then before turning for the night into the dormitories that had been fitted up on other big floors, most of the men strolled out into the open air for a chat. Tom betook himself to the end of the quay beyond the reach of the lamps. Here he was lounging over a capstan, smoking a meditative pipe, and gazing along the still, shining waters of the dock basin, when somebody drew up behind him.

"What brings you in here, Tom Macaulay?" asked a low, unknown voice.

The young man turned upon the speaker, but it was too dark to permit of his identifying him.

"Well," he said, "what brings *you* in here? We're both in the same boat, I reckon."

"No, we ain't," said the unknown. "I'm in here by orders of the Strike Committee. My business here is to earn all I can for the funds for the men who are a-fittin' against starvation and misery, and to look after fellows like you blacklegs who sneaks in to crush 'em down and help the masters again 'em."

"I didn't come in to help no masters," said Tom. "I come in to help myself."

"Ah," said the voice in the dark, "you'll find before you're much older, Tom, that if workin' men wants to help themselves, the only way to do it in the long run is to help one another, and to pull together, and you're jest pullin' t'other way. You're a-pullin' for yourself against all the rest. There ain't a more miserable body o' hard-workin' men under God's heaven than dock-labourers, but nobody's got no pity for 'em because they says they don't help themselves."

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They could help themselves if they was to combine, and if they don't combine, people says it's their own look-out. Well, at last they've been roused to have a good try for it, and you knows very well what it costs the poor devils to do it—how they tramps the streets and starves, and pawns their homes, and breaks their hearts, and some of 'em dies from sheer want and misery."

Tom hung his head over the capstan, and thought of the famished faces of Ted's wife and children staring down at him as he lay across that table, and whoever it was that was talking to him, he knew it was all true that was said. He could not open his mouth. He had not even the courage to plead that he was going to give all he could of his earnings to help his brother Ted.

"You are the youngest man here, Tom Macaulay," went on the voice in the darkness, stern and relentless as the upbraidings of his own conscience, "and you're almost, if you're not quite, the only man who ain't got anybody dependent on you. You're the youngest man, and you'll be the meanest of the whole lot if you stays here."

"I'll think about it," said Tom with a meditative puff at his pipe.

"You'd better, ole man. Let me give you a word or two o' friendly warning. A lot o' the chaps in here be oldish men, and a good many of 'em have got families, and there's some excuse for them. It ain't every man as can stand by while his wife and children are a-cryin' for bread, and his 'ome meltin' away. It drives some men half crazy, and they can't stand it, and we makes some excuse for 'em if they does the best they can for themselves, whatever 'tis. There's a lot like them in here, but they all says that if they was young and it wa'n't for the kids and the wife and the home, they'd ha' died sooner than come in."

"Ah, it's easy to say that," broke in Tom.

"Maybe 'tis, and maybe with some of 'em it's all humbug, but 'tain't with all of 'em, and you mark my words, Tom Macaulay—these men are more vicious and spiteful to young chaps like you than any of us be. They knows they didn't oughter be in here themselves, and they can't help feeling ashamed o' themselves, and if they thinks that about themselves, you may guess what they thinks about you, and if you don't clear out sharp, Tom,

you'll be uncommon lucky if you gets out at all. The orders o' the Strike Committee are plain enough. There's to be no personal violence, and the Committee honestly wants to have none, but they can't help what happens in here."

This warning did not produce altogether the result desired. Tom was a lad of plenty of pluck, and was not easily frightened or driven, and whatever effect had been produced by the appeal to his reason and feeling was to a great extent neutralised by this hint of danger.

"I s'pose it's a free country," he said. "A chap can take a job if he likes, and ain't obliged to be bullied out of it. D'ye mean to tell me that chaps as have come in here just the same as I have, are a-goin' to set upon me?"

"Well," said the unknown, "I ha' told ye all I got to say. Accidents will happen inside the docks as well as out, and if anything goes wrong, don't you say you ain't been warned, that's all. Good-night."

And with that the secret agent of the Strike Committee vanished in the darkness, leaving the young docker in a particularly uncomfortable frame of mind. However, there was nothing to be done that night, he concluded. He would get to bed, and think about it in the morning.

* * * * *

The glitter of the flags and banners once more swept round the dull walls of the docks; the crash of the music came mingled with wild bursts of cheering, intermitted by the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy feet and the rumble of street vehicles, and Tom Macaulay awoke to consciousness to find himself being swiftly borne he knew not whither through the thick of the hurly-burly.

When he awoke in the dormitory very early that morning, he lay for a long time and thought things over, while as yet the others were asleep. He came to the conclusion that as he had actually got the "job" and was there in the docks, he would anyhow go on with it for the day, and see how things went.

Three or four hours afterwards he was picked out of a pool of blood, and laid on some planks out of the way, while somebody was sent for a "stretcher."

While he had been standing on the edge of the quay, the ponderous iron hook of one of the hydraulic cranes had swung violently round—quite accidentally, of

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course—and had caught Tom just under the jaw, very badly lacerating his neck and throat, and knocking him over the quay into a barge below, and the next moment of consciousness was when he found himself lying torn and broken in an ambulance carriage bearing him off to the hospital.

* * * * *

Poor Tom Macaulay did not show to advantage as he lay in one of the snowy-white beds of the great hospital ward, with his head bound up, his neck filled out almost to the width of his shoulders, a piece of sticking-plaster along his forehead, and another across his nose; and when Flossy Foster and her mother came on visitors' day to see him, he was painfully conscious of something critical and unsympathetic in the hard eyes of the damsel for whose sake he had so nearly died a violent death.

For a fortnight Tom had lain hovering between the docks and the grave; but youth and a good constitution had enabled him to pull through, though, as he himself expressed it, it had been a very narrow squeak. Flossy did not seem to realise this in the least, and still less did she realise the change that may often be wrought in the thoughts and feelings by a sudden descent to the door of death and a slow, painful struggle up the steep and difficult ascent back to life and health. Tom as he lay there was not quite his old self; Flossy, as she sat beside him, was entirely so, and her natural coarseness and hardness grated painfully on the invalid.

Flossy did not belong to the dockers' community; she was a recent importation into the neighbourhood, and had had no very strong feeling on either side of the strike conflict. She took the cynical and opportunist view of things, and on general principles had all along held that a chap had a right to do whatever was best for himself; indeed it was in no small degree her outspoken opinion to this effect that had encouraged Tom Macaulay to seize the opportunity that had presented itself. Now, however, that he had come to grief and clearly had *not* done the best for himself, she was of opinion that he had merely been a fool, and she had no hesitation in saying so. Tom himself was very much of that opinion too, and he found it very unpleasant to have his self-condemnation confirmed in that unfeeling way, especially when he was weak and suffering.

Some of Flossy's clinical jokes, too, he found almost as unpleasant as his medicine. He had gone over to the blacklegs to get a pound a week, she told him, and he had come back with a pound of sticking-plaster instead—on his noble nose and elsewhere.

"The strike's over now, Tom," she said, "but I'll tell ye what they oughter do against next time. They oughter 'ave yer photograph took now, and when there's another strike they oughter get it in a big size for a poster, and underneath they oughter put, 'This is a blackleg when he's done with.' That'd keep 'em out if nothing else would."

She offered to bet him two to one that he'd be no better-looking without his bandages than he was with, for wounds always left ugly scars, and she warned him that if he came courting her, he'd have to keep on the off-side.

Altogether she managed to make herself extremely unpleasant, and for the first time since he had known her, Tom was heartily glad to be rid of her. He was not in a condition to take chaff good-humouredly, and he knew that Flossy would be just as free with her jokes at his expense outside the hospital as she was in.

She had hardly gone when another visitor came softly round the screen which partly enclosed the invalid's bed.

"How art thee getting on, Thomas Macaulay?" asked the visitor, as she seated herself in the chair Flossy had vacated. "Thee art looking better than when I saw thee last."

"Oh, I'm gettin' on fine now, thank ye, Miss Kronrath," replied Tom. "You ain't brought May," he added, in a tone of some little disappointment.

"No," dryly replied the Quakeress.

"Didn't you give her my message?"

"I didn't undertake to deliver thy message," said the lady.

"Why not?" asked the invalid querulously.

"I'll give thee no reasons," was the blunt but smiling reply. "Thee canst write thy message if thee has any, and the postman will carry thy letter."

"Jest had Flossy Foster and her mother here," said Tom, seeing that it was of no use to persist. "You don't like Flossy Foster, Miss Kronrath."

"I never told thee I didn't."

"No, but I know you don't. I begin to think I don't like her myself as well as I

did," said Tom, with a very unusual burst of confidence in Margaret Kronrath, of whom he stood in some awe. The lady made no immediate reply to this, and Tom, after a short pause, continued in a semi-soliloquising manner, "She's a fust-rate gal for takin' out for a 'oliday—when a chap's got plenty o' money—but she ain't the sort o' gal to stick by 'im when 'e's on his beam-ends. I begins to see that."

The Quaker lady gave a quiet little chuckle of amusement. "Thee art growing wiser, Thomas Macaulay," she said. "Thee'll do well to bear in mind that life isn't much of it holiday for dockers, and they haven't often plenty of money, and they are very often on their beam-ends."

"May's your favourite, Miss Kronrath," said Tom, after pondering a little, "and after all, I reckon you're right. She's the sort o' gal for a chap when he's faked up in stick'n-plaster. But I ain't good enough for 'er," concluded Tom, perhaps expecting some little reassuring compliment. If he did expect it he must have been ruefully disappointed.

"Indeed thou art now speaking the real



"IT'S ALL QUITE TRUE AS YOU SAYS, MISS KRONRATH"

truth, Thomas Macaulay. Thou art not good enough. If thee had been, thee wouldn't now be, as thee says, faked up in sticking-plaster. Thee'd be at work with thy fellows, winning thee a home and a character. I have been grievously disappointed with thee, Thomas Macaulay. I expected great things of thee; but thou hast been going back, lad—back—back. Doesn't thee know it thyself?"

Tom lay and stared thoughtfully up at the great window facing.

Dark Days in Dockland

"Yes," he said sadly, at length. "It's all quite true as you says, Miss Kronrath."

"Well," said the lady, laying a very gentle hand on the lad's shoulder, "but I mustn't scold thee now. Thee'll find when thee comes out thee hast made a good many enemies, but thee has some friends also if thee has only the sense to know them. Good-day, Thomas Macaulay."

"Give my love to——"

"Nay, I'll carry none of thy messages. I'll not interfere in thy love affairs. If thee has any love to send anywhere, thee must find thy own way of sending it—at least until thee has quite made up thy mind where thee means to fix it. Good-bye, Thomas."

* * * * *

It was two miles to the hospital to which Tom had been carried, but every night when her long day's work was done May went to inquire about him, except when Margaret Kronrath was able to bring tidings; and if she and Tom had only been on the old footing, May would have been serenely happy.

And there came another little lightening of the gloom when Margaret Kronrath, with the utmost caution, let fall a very slight hint that Tom had not altogether forgotten the girl. She was quite alarmed to see the eager excitement with which May received

the tidings that Tom had expressed a wish to see her.

"But thee mustn't build thy hopes too much on that, lassie," she said gravely. "Thomas Macaulay is unstable, and I would not have thee trust much in his whims and caprices."

The girl looked a little resentful, and thought her friend took too harsh a view of Tom and his show of relenting. And the third day after, this opinion seemed to be abundantly justified. When Margaret Kronrath called, May was in an ecstasy of delight and impatience to see her. The postman had actually brought her a letter—a perfect marvel of tops and tails, blots and corrections and originalities of spelling, but as full as Tom knew how to make it of revived affection, of remorse for the past and promises for the future. May put the letter into her friend's hand, flung herself on to her bed, and sobbed as though her heart would break. The Quakeress took the girl's hand in hers and quietly read the letter, with a face that grew radiant with mirth and pleasure as she read on.

"Yes," said the Quakeress, as she folded the epistle, "I think there's something in the lad after all, and we'll make a man of him yet, May. Thee shall go with me this afternoon and see him."

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

Illustrated with Photographs by Allan P. Mottram

VIII.—Dinah Morris, from Babyhood to Womanhood

"The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But mother's love.

His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's, full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this."—JOHN B. TABB.

THE infant, Elizabeth Tomlinson—the future Dinah Morris—was only given to dwell one short year in the restful heaven of a mother's love. The loss of the mother coloured all her memories of childhood: "What I have suffered through

the loss of my dear mother can only be explained in eternity, but the Lord's ways are in the whirlwind, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter." Much is veiled under that pious sentiment. She is reticent and does not care to say more, still there is no difficulty in understanding what was in her mind. The father married a second time, and the stress and strain of life in those hard times and in that village home were heavy enough to bear. As to the outward circumstances of the child we find scarcely a mention, but her inner life stands fully revealed to us. Putting together the

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

reminiscences gathered by Mr. A. Chadwick and the words of the autobiography, we may conclude that the father took his little girl with him to the parish church betimes, and set before her a good example. His Methodist cousin also cared for the spiritual training of the child, and it was the seed sown at the services in the Griffy Dam Wesleyan Chapel which took root in the young heart. Her recollections were very clear as to the impressions wrought on her mind, even as early as her seventh year and onward. In her autobiography she actually recalls sermons she heard at that period, and states the topics on which the discourses were founded. It is not difficult to imagine the innocent maiden of seven, with eyes intent and a look of sublime wonder on her face, as the preacher portrayed from the thrilling parable of the rich man and Lazarus the terrors of an eternity without love and the dread future for every soul who has lived in this world for nothing beyond the sensual gratification of carnal appetites. The sermon, though not intended by the preacher for this captivated little one, has found lodgment in her soul for ever. It was well for the young child that another side of the future life was proclaimed in her hearing. "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Heb. xiii. 14), formed the theme of another discourse she remembered quite well, more pleasing, one would think, if not more fascinating, than the other. O preachers of the eighteenth century, in that Methodist chapel in the hamlet of Griffy Dam, you toiled wearily enough to your work in that country congregation. You sighed with intensity of desire for the people's welfare and went



DINAH MORRIS

(MRS. EVANS, AUNT OF GEORGE ELIOT)

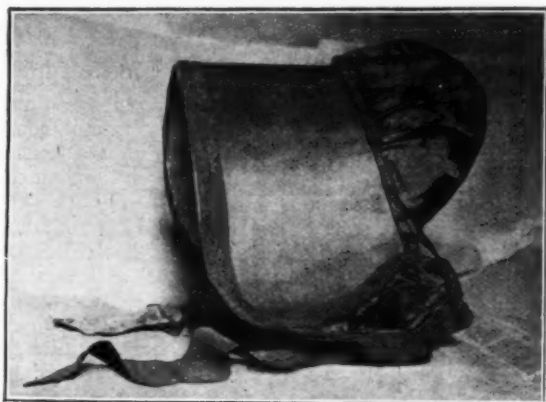
away with agonised disappointment sometimes, because so little had been accomplished. At the listlessness of many of your hearers you were pained, but you never noticed the fixed gaze of the little maiden who was all intent in wondering at your words, nor did you realise that you had sown deep down in the fruitful soil of her spiritual nature potent seeds which were one day to bear fruit in a beautiful life and help to fertilise a barren world. Even of preaching it may often be said—

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

Notwithstanding her tender age the child has her speculations concerning preaching. Telling us of what she felt to be the work of the Divine Spirit in her heart, she says :

"He blessed me with clear light concerning the nature of preaching. I saw that reading was not preaching. I thought I could read a sermon and yet I could not preach, and that it was not the way that God intended that men should preach the Gospel. I was powerfully impressed with a sense of the shortness of time and the awful consequences of dying in sin."

We find that, though so young in years, these serious convictions never wore away till the great



ONE OF THE LAST WORN OF DINAH MORRIS'S BONNETS

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

crisis in her spiritual life had come. I have noticed that in the lives of good men and holy women, spiritual exercises are not at all unusual in tender years. It is a touching picture Dinah Morris draws for us, and one that suggests the reflection that teachers and preachers can hardly be too much concerned for the patient instruction of the little ones. There are yearnings in their young hearts of which we are but faintly conscious. We do not, any of us, fully realise the possibilities of child-life, and hence we fail to render that real help our youthful charge requires at our hands.

"The Lord continued to strive with me and to keep me from falling into many grievous sins which were both evil and bitter. I used to say my prayers and strictly examined myself by the law of Moses every night. I always felt myself condemned from these words: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' I saw that he who offendeth in one point is guilty of all. These words were most powerfully impressed on my mind: 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them,' and what to do I knew not. I wept and prayed and tried to find the living way, though I was lost and confused, dark and blind. Oh, how I longed for instruction, but had no one to take me by the hand, or, I believe, at that time, I should have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. Oh, how I prayed the publican's prayer: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I had some faint views of Christ coming into the world to save sinners, but how I was to be saved by Him I could not tell. I wandered in the dark, sinning and repenting for a long time."

The dawning of spiritual truth on the young mind is a deep psychological mystery. Here we have a little girl growing up amidst the blooming of flowers and the singing of birds in the country. She is without any special instruction suited to the mind of a child. At this very time Robert Raikes is but just commencing his experiment of teaching the idle youth of the city of Gloucester in a Sunday School, and it was long, long years before such institutions had found their way into the country districts of Leicestershire, and yet the infant mind of this rural cottager is revolving high truths of revelation, drinking in spiritual instruction from the pulpit, examining and condemning herself by the Word of God, and only falls short of a personal application of the pardoning grace of the Saviour because, as she declared years afterwards, there was no one to teach her how to make that application in her own case.

These early experiences of Dinah Morris, 666

as recorded by Mr. Taft, do not stand alone in the sketches he has drawn for us. He lets us see how Mrs. Susannah Wesley and Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley had similar mental exercises in childhood. His sketches are necessarily fragmentary—in some cases especially so—but where particulars are given we find often recurring testimony of as clear and vivid religious impression imparted in childhood as could ever be received at any subsequent period of life. In some cases Mr. Taft selects his examples from amongst the members of the Society of Friends, and finds this feature strongly marked in them, but in others, with very imperfect instruction, it is precisely the same. Two instances are given wherein spiritual yearnings were felt and deep impressions made on the heart at as early an age as four years, and never afterwards effaced as long as life endured. Many of these holy women, I am sure, could have exclaimed with the still remembered authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe: "My infant hands were early lifted up to Thee, and I soon learned to acknowledge the God of my fathers." Christian biography teems with examples of a clear divine call, while as yet the heart was tender. Records of the lives of the saints of the old time furnish many instructive examples. Legends of patristic literature are crowded with them, behind which there must be much that is real. Let me give a collection of the names of men, taken almost at random, who have attained to distinction, whose religious experience dates back to the days of early childhood. Among them are Dr. Jonathan Edwards, David Brainerd, Count Zinzendorf, George Whitfield, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr. Philip Doddridge, John Foster, Albert Bengel, etc. From what has been witnessed of children in every Christian century one can see that a powerful book might be written revealing the vast possibilities and the beautiful reality of Christian childhood. From such a volume those who have to deal with children might learn much hopefulness in their task.

In Mr. Taft's sketch of Dinah Morris there are no other details of her childhood than those here given. As to education there were only the scant elements, and these imperfectly taught. Newbold has now its fairly equipped schools, maintained for the most part at the charges of the State. It has its trained instructors also. Books were scant then, school attendance fitful;

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Elizabeth was the eldest child, the pressure on the home was severe, and at fourteen years of age she had to take her place among the ranks of the workers, that she might earn her own livelihood by becoming a domestic servant. In this she recognised a gracious Providence.

"I believe the hand of God has been upon me all the days of my life. I believe the Lord directed me to leave my father's house when I was a little more than fourteen years old. I lived at Derby about seven years with a family that knew very little more about religion than myself. We had plenty of prayer-books and saying of prayers, but very little heart-felt religion."

To her apprehension vital godliness began with a definite personal experience, including confession of sin in the presence of the Lord, faith in the atoning mercy of the Redeemer, regeneration by a mysterious divine energy and a definite consecration of body, soul and spirit to the living God. This it was that she secretly longed for, but knew not how to find, in spite of the powerful strivings in childhood. She intimates that her privileges in Derby were not such as to lead her into the experiences she coveted, but there came a change when she was nearing her twenty-first year. She bade farewell to domestic

service and became a lace-mender in the town of Nottingham. Probably this trade definition will convey no definite idea to the reader's mind. Lace-mending is a process in lace manufacture. The fragile threads from which the material is woven frequently give way while a piece is passing through the looms, therefore each piece of lace must needs go from the machine to the lace-mender to have the pattern restored where it is broken and the piece made perfect. The women employed in this skilled industry are as smart and clever a set of female artisans as are anywhere to be found. Here Dinah Morris graduated in the industry, but her mind was not at rest.

Her privileges were enlarged, and her life more free, yet circumstances seemed to conspire to keep her back from the prize she coveted above all others.

"I loved the Methodists, and always believed that if ever I was religious I should be one, but I had no acquaintance with any of them. The tears I have shed on this account are known only to the Lord. I had now left service, and was at liberty to serve God, but I reasoned for a few weeks with the enemy of my soul. I thought I never was happy, but I would be if possible. I sometimes went to the giddy dance, sometimes to card-playing, shameful to tell after such repeated convictions for sin, but I could not find what I sought for—happiness. I only grew more and more miserable."

"There is in man," says George Eliot, "a higher than love of happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." It is a strange paradox, and yet true, when we say that they who chase after happiness never find it, but to them who pursue the path of duty and service, happiness comes without the seeking. Dinah Morris's search for happiness in the diversions of the giddy dance and the fascinating card-table did not last long. The thirst of her soul could not be slaked in any such pursuits, but she was soon to find true blessedness. On the Easter Tuesday in



HALIFAX PLACE WESLEYAN CHAPEL
Dinah Morris's place of worship in Nottingham
was on this site.

1797 she went to a place called Beck Barn to hear preaching by a Wesleyan minister who had recently returned from Newfoundland—the Rev. George Smith. The mention of this preaching-place in Nottingham calls to mind the first great Methodist secession. "Our people were turned out of their chapel through Kilham's division," wrote Dinah Morris. The fact was that the secession occurred through the rejection by the Conference of a petition to allow the Methodist people to have the sacraments administered in all their places of worship by their own ministers instead of, as in Wesley's days, going for them to the ministry of the established church, and through the expulsion

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we shall be ready and willing to do, the
 all, and leave all these good things here
 which we enjoy and which I am very thankful
 for as well for my family as myself, as I
 have been blessed in this walk more than I
 ever expected to be. — Mary Anne is very well
 and sends her love to you and is very glad that
 you are in a way to be comfortable again. Mr. Dr.
 Houghton, Mr. & Mrs. Clarke, J. P. Evans & wife are
 all well. Love has got a fine boy about two months
 old. — I am glad
 to hear that your wife looks pretty well. Give my
 best respects and love to her & accept the same
 from loving Robert
 Evans

Edinburgh

PART OF A LETTER FROM ROBERT EVANS (ADAM BEDE) TO HIS
 BROTHER SAMUEL (SETH BEDE)

of the chief mover—the Rev. Alexander Kilham. Wesley's idea of his Denomination was that of a Society within the established church. Kilham desired to precipitate the inevitable movement which was to separate the one from the other and to constitute the great Methodist body as a distinctive, self-contained Christian community. Probably his methods were not altogether gracious and gentle, he went ahead of his contemporaries, desiring to make a pace which the Conference leaders deprecated; he committed himself to a course which seemed an infraction on the laws of the Conference brotherhood, and was therefore expelled. Thus arose the Methodist New Connexion. In those days the Hockley chapel was the only one possessed by the Wesleyans in the town of Nottingham. It was legally vested in a body of trustees, the major portion of whom sympathised with the seceders, and therefore took over the chapel with them.

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The secession not only deprived the Wesleyan body of its sanctuary, but carried away more than three hundred of its members. In reality, the Society was rent in twain.

The room called Beck Barn was but a temporary meeting-place waiting the erection of a permanent structure, an event which really happened in the following year, and on the same site there stands to-day a fine old Methodist sanctuary, loved by several generations of Nottingham Wesleyans—the Halifax Place chapel. To Beck Barn then Dinah Morris went, and from what she tells us of the service we may gather that it was one of revivalistic fervour and long continuance. She says that there was a great work among the people, many cried out for mercy, while the workers were fully em-

ployed in pleading with the penitents and praying on their behalf. Often they broke into song as one and another declared their trust in pardoning grace, expressing their glad emotions on this account in the majestic strains of Bishop Ken's doxology. Dinah Morris seems to have thought that a lively scene like this required some explanation, hence she says—

"I saw no confusion in the matter. I concluded that sinners were repenting of their sins, as I ought to do, and the people of God were so anxious for them to be saved, and these things caused them to rejoice. I longed for repentance more than ever I did for anything in my life, but I felt great hardness of heart. While I was looking to Christ the mighty power of God fell upon me in an instant. I fell to the ground like one dead. I believe I lost my senses for a season, but when I recovered I was trembling and weeping most bitterly. It pleased the Lord in about two hours to speak peace to my soul. I arose from my knees and praised God for that opportunity."

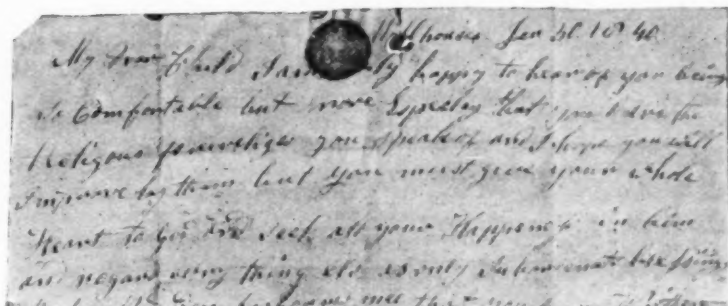
In this account we have portrayed not

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

only a case of mental and spiritual crisis, but of physical phenomena as well. Such phenomena frequently occur in the history of religious awakenings. Under the preaching alike of the fervid Whitfield or the logical Wesley, the strongest men were seen

to fall stricken to the ground one after another. At first there was perplexity and debate as to whence these phenomena came, but after due inquiry, with the common-sense and willingness to learn which usually distinguished him, John Wesley wrote: "From this time I hope we shall allow God to carry on His own work in His own way." Doubtless there is some danger in these abnormal manifestations. Hysteria and catalepsy have been said to account for them, but only very partially, there is an element of mystery left which we are not able to explain. Anyhow, they are but physical and accidental, and experience has shown that, while the physical phenomena pass away without any ill effects, the spiritual blessing remains. So with Dinah Morris. That blessed Easter Tuesday witnessed the beginning of a new experience, the entrance of a new life. The dying mother's prayer for her feeble infant child was now to have its gracious answer.

How helpless is the little child so early deprived of its mother, as Dinah Morris was, but now the little babe has grown to maturity, and, in her consecrated womanhood, the fond petition of the mother is to meet its complete and eternal fulfilment. In that makeshift sanctuary—Beck Barn—the book called *Adam Bede* was really born, for assuredly Dinah Morris gave to her niece, George Eliot, the living germ from which it sprung, and the real Dinah Morris, the woman of unconquerable sympathy, unbounded hope and unfailing love, received her true spiritual birth in that unconsecrated structure—Beck Barn. In



My dear child, I am very happy to hear of your being so comfortable but more especially that you have the religious fervour you speak of and I hope you will improve by this but you must give your whole heart to God and seek all your happiness in him and regard every thing else as only a subordinate blessing.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM DINAH MORRIS TO ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS AWAY FROM HOME

that simple building a saint-life was born, as pure, as sweet and as true as ever adorned the soul of a human being. One cannot read such a book as Mr. Taft's, nor can we open our eyes to what is taking place in our own times, without feeling that the age of saints has not yet passed away, while among the truest and the best of saints there have ever been a number of consecrated women. The women of the Reformation were quite as noble and heroic as the men. The Puritan women shed a lustre on their age. The Methodist revival abounded in consecrated womanhood. Our own age has been blessed with fine examples too, in whose fragrant worth there has been no monopoly by any denomination of Christians. Dinah Morris, in her day, combined in her own person and character many of the graces attributed to these godly women, and in real life truly won for herself the queenly place her niece has accorded to her in fiction. The gravestone of Helen Walker, in Scotland, bears an inscription dictated by Sir Walter Scott. Those readers of Scott who remember the immortal Jeanie Deans will understand its force. It says: "This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans." It will be our privilege henceforth to show that Elizabeth Tomlinson, known now as Dinah Morris, practised in daily life all the womanly and Christly virtues with which fiction in its turn has invested her, and, indeed, many more which are not recorded in fiction, but are nevertheless written in memorials that cannot die.

Jill's Red Bag

BY AMY LE FEUVRE

AUTHOR OF "PROBABLE SONS"

CHAPTER XI.—A DONKEY RIDE

BOTH Jack and Bumps were on the sick-list for the next few days. Bumps had sprained her foot, and Jack's cut on his head was a deep and painful one.

When he recovered, he told his adventures to his sisters with much relish; but for once Jill took Bumps' part, and told Jack he had treated her very badly.

"You ought to have stopped when your paper came to an end, and come back to her. How could she follow you, especially when you drove in a cart? It wasn't fair."

"It was that old brute's fault. He nearly broke his stick over my shoulders. I'll pay him back when I get a chance. I've got the marks now. I can feel them. I couldn't walk home, I was so hurt. So I told Mike to drive me into Thornton, and then I was going to our butcher. I knew he would take me home."

"That was rather clever of you," admitted Jill, "but did you forget all about Bumps?"

"Oh, I knew she would never come on so far. If you'd been with her it would have been all right. And I thought you were. I told her to bring you; so it was really all your fault."

This was turning the tables upon Jill.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "I ought to have looked after her."

But Bumps breathlessly protested:

"I wath all right. I runned ever so fatht. And I thaw the paper, and never wath frightened of the cowth, and I would have catched him, Jill, I really would, only I couldn't get over the palings, and my legs thtuck where they oughtn't to, and then I tumbled on my head and—and——"

Bumps came to a stop; then she added piteously, "I'll do better next time, Jack. I really will."

And Jack replied with a patronising air, "Oh yes, you'll do, when you grow bigger."

"Mona is coming back, children," said Miss Webb one morning as she opened her letters at the breakfast-table. "She

does not say why she is coming home so much sooner than she intended, but I suppose she will tell us. She will be here this afternoon."

The children were delighted. Mona was a constant source of interest and admiration to them. When she was in the house, there was a stir and bustle; the very servants seemed to go asleep in her absence.

Miss Webb had tea out upon the lawn that afternoon, and when Mona arrived, she seemed struck with the children's orderly dress and behaviour, and the quiet peacefulness of the old garden.

"There is no place like home after all," she said, as she sat in a low wicker-chair with Bumps on her lap.

Miss Webb looked at her with keen eyes.

"You are tired and worried about something," she said. "Didn't you enjoy your visit?"

"Very much till yesterday," and Mona gave a little shiver. Then she bent her lips, and touched Bumps' golden head with them caressingly.

"I had a full programme," she said with a little laugh. "The Tambourne Races to-day, the Regatta to-morrow, and Lady Donald's ball next Monday, followed by her village theatricals and concert. There was an awfully nice girl staying with us. Maud Crichton was her name. She used to come into my room every night to have a chat, and I was going to bring her back here to stay with me. She was rather seedy a few days ago, and we thought it a heavy cold. Only last night she was sitting up with me, and though her head was very bad, we were making wonderful plans. This morning she was covered with a thick rash. I heard she had almost been light-headed in the night. The doctor came and pronounced it scarlet fever. Of course there was a general stampede. I'm terrified lest she should have infected me. What do you think, Miss Webb?"

Miss Webb looked grave, then quietly took Bumps off Mona's lap and sent her indoors, telling the others to follow.

"You don't think of the children," she said a little reproachfully.

Jill's Red Bag

"The children? Good gracious! You're taking it for granted I am going to get it! Why, Miss Webb, it drives me frantic to think I may! What can I do? Shall I send for a doctor for some preventive?"

Miss Webb saw the girl was thoroughly frightened and unstrung, so she spoke very quietly.

"You are not a weak, hysterical girl, Mona. Do for pity's sake control yourself. It is not very likely you will take it; but if you did, there are many things worse than scarlet fever. What makes you so frightened?"

"Oh," said Mona, covering her face with her hands, "I might die. It is so awful to think about it. And wasn't it strange, Miss Webb, we had a sermon last Sunday with the gruesome text, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Now don't let us talk any more about it. Give me another cup of tea. I call it ridiculous to send the children away."

Mona pulled herself together with an effort. After that one revelation of her frightened soul, she did not touch upon the subject again, but Miss Webb watched her anxiously, and would not let the children be much with her. A week afterwards, Mona was taken ill with the disease she so much dreaded. Her extreme nervousness about herself did not help her. Miss Webb promptly telegraphed to Miss Falkner—"Scarlet fever in house. Can you take children to seaside?"

And though Miss Falkner had only had a month's holiday, instead of six weeks, she replied at once—

"Certainly, will return to-morrow."

"It's rather exciting!" said Jack to Jill as they stood at the school-room window watching for the arrival of their governess. "I don't want Mona to be ill, but I'm jolly glad we're going to the seaside."

"I'm glad Miss Falkner is coming with us, but I rather think I'd like to have scarlet fever. It must be so nice to have the doctor and a nurse, and jellies and beef-tea, and everybody fussing over you."

The arrival of the carriage stopped further discussion, and in another moment all three children were flinging themselves upon their governess, nearly choking her with their eager embraces.

They went the next day to a small seaside place about three miles from Chilton Common. There was a nice sandy beach, a row of lodging-houses, a stone pier and fishing-wharf; and the children were

perfectly content with their lot. Annie came with them, and their landlady knew them well, for it was not the first time they had been there.

"Miss Falkner, can't we go and see Chilton Common one day?" asked Jill, soon after they had arrived.

"Why, you funny child!" said Miss Falkner, smiling. "The only reason you liked to go to Chilton Common was because you could see the sea in the distance; and now you are actually at the sea, you want to go to the Common."

"Ah!" said Jill, "but I want to find the place where our mission-room is going."

"I forgot that," admitted Miss Falkner. "But it is too far for you to walk, Jill. We must wait till we get home, I think, and then we can drive there."

So Jill tried to be patient, but she was very fond of mounting a small hill close to the town where she could get a fine view of the Common, and one day Miss Falkner found her there, shaking her red bag wildly in the air at it.

"There!" she was saying, "do you see the place that you are going to build upon? The fatter you get, the better for Chilton Common!"

They heard from Miss Webb, but her letters always smelt of carbolic, and Miss Falkner burnt them directly she had read them. Mona was very ill, and one morning Miss Falkner got a letter that rather startled her. It was as usual from Miss Webb.

"DEAR MISS FALKNER,

"I remember you told me that you were not afraid of scarlet fever, having had it a few years ago. Would you be afraid of coming to Mona? She is crying out for you incessantly day and night, and I do not think it is mere delirium. She says you would help her to get well, and the poor girl seems in terror lest she should not do so. Dr. Forbes says if her mind could be eased there would be more chance of her recovery. Leave the children with Annie. I am sure they will be good when they know that Mona needs you. And nothing seems to matter in comparison with Mona's life. If you feel you can come, come at once."

Miss Falkner went straight to her room and put up a few things in a portmanteau.

Jill's Red Bag

She called Jill to her, and told her about the letter.

"I am going to trust you, Jill, to keep the others out of mischief, and ask God, dear, to make your sister better, if it is His will."

Jill looked rather blank at the news.

"You are always leaving us now," she said; "and Jack won't do what I tell him. He never would. Mona has got Miss Webb, she doesn't want you too!"

This was much Annie's opinion.

"Miss Baron doesn't ever think of anybody but herself," she confided to Mrs. Pratt the landlady. "If she took a fancy to see one of the children she'd never think of the risk to them, but she'd insist upon them coming to her. She's a nice young lady to speak to, but she's always had her own way, and poor Miss Falkner must go to help nurse her now!"

When Miss Falkner came softly into the sick-room, she was shocked at the change in Mona.

She lay with crimson cheeks and parched dry lips upon her pillows, restlessly turning her head to and fro; her beautiful hair had all been cut off; her eyes were thick and vacant; her voice husky and indistinct.

A gleam of recognition lit up her face as Miss Falkner stooped over her and spoke to her.

"Is it Miss Falkner? You are good, you know how to pray. I am not ready to die. Pray for me. It is cruel to take my life so soon, and he will keep preaching 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Do stop him. Of course it is Cecil Arnold; I laughed at him, but I knew I was wrong and he was right. I can't prepare. I don't know how to. And why should I give up a tenth of my money—even little Jill is laughing at me—she and Cecil Arnold putting their heads together, and he won't look at me, he doesn't care for me any more. Oh, if only you will help me!"

This and much more in the same strain she poured forth.

Miss Falkner soothed her for the time, and the next day when she was lying weak and exhausted, but fully conscious, she spoke again.

"Do you think I shall get over this, Miss Falkner?"

"I think—I hope you will," said Miss Falkner brightly. "I am praying that you may."

"I know I have lived only for pleasure, but if, oh, if God spares my life, I will give Him some of my money. It has worried me so. Even the children are giving now more than I do."

"There is something God wants more than your money," said Miss Falkner gently. "It is of more value to Him than that."

"What is it? Oh, if I get well I will give it. Life is everything to me."

"It is your soul."

The words were spoken in a soft whisper, and there was silence in the room for some time after that.

At last Mona put her wasted hand out.

"I will give it to Him, if He spares my life."

* * * * *

"Jack, Mona is going to get well. Miss Webb has written to tell us so. Oh, do let us do something jolly to-day."

"We'll have a donkey ride. There's a man just come along the road with four of them. Come on!"

But, alas! when purses were produced, only eightpence could be collected, and the donkey man shook his head.

"I wish," said Jack discontentedly, "that we needn't always be giving to the Bag."

Jill got hot and indignant at once.

"You greedy, wicked boy, after your vow too. Remember Ananias and Sapphira!"

"But they took the money; I haven't."

"No, but you're almost wishing to!"

"I'm not," said Jack sullenly.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked an old lady, who was sitting on a sheltered seat on the beach, and who had overheard a part of this conversation.

"We want a donkey ride," said Jack bluntly; "and we haven't got enough money."

The old lady quietly drew out a rusty black bag from her pocket.

"I used to like donkey rides when I was a little girl," she said, "so I'll treat you to one. Where would you like to go?"

The children could hardly believe their ears. But Jill's one thought came uppermost at once.

"To Chilton Common," she said. "Oh! we should love to go there."

The old lady spoke to the man.

"Where is your nurse?" she said. "Will she like you to go so far?"

Jill's Red Bag

"Oh, Annie won't mind. We always play out here till dinner-time."

So in a few minutes four donkeys were going at a steady trot towards Chilton Common; the man himself riding on one of them. It seemed a long way to the children, but Jill enlivened the way by telling the man about their tenth bag, and the room that they hoped to build on the Common.

"You might help if you like," she suggested. "You could give a tenth out of what the lady is going to give you this morning. It's going to be a tenth room or church, because it's going to be built out of our tenths."

"Don't believe in parsons or churches," said the man emphatically.

"Do you mean you don't like them?" questioned Jill. "Don't you go to church yourself?"

"Never been inside a church since I were a Sunday-school brat."

"Oh! that sounds dreadful!" said Jill, eyeing him with severity.

"Fact!" said the donkey man, giving Jill's donkey a vicious whack with his stick, and making her start off at a gallop. But Jill could stick to her donkey and to her point at the same time.

"Well, if you don't want to go to church, other people do; and they can't do it on Chilton Common. You wait till we get there, and then you will see what it is like! And I'm sure you would like to give God some of your money, wouldn't you? You must get a lot of money by your donkeys. *Everybody* likes to ride on donkeys!"

"I'm a poor man, an' has a hard job to get my vittles," was the response. "Let rich folk build churches and such like. Let 'em throw away their money on such foolery, but a hard-workin' man has better to do with his'n."

"But," argued Jill, who from her long discussion with Sam was quite prepared for these sentiments, "you aren't as poor as we are. If no one gives me a present I only get threepence a week, but it doesn't matter how little you have, the first ten pennies you get, you put one aside for God. Now do, won't you? You really ought to, for God gives you your donkeys and your money. Supposing if your donkeys broke their legs, or you broke yours! Then you wouldn't be able to get any money. And if God takes care of you and your donkeys every day, I expect He's very

disappointed that you don't give Him a little money!"

This and much more Jill eagerly poured forth, and at last her driver took refuge in silent chuckles and shakes of his head. He would not be drawn out any more. They arrived in due time on the Common. It was a lovely day, and a few women came out on their doorsteps to watch the little cavalcade.

The children dismounted, and began earnestly disputing about the best site for the mission-room. Jill took into her confidence one of the women who seemed greatly interested.

"You see," she said, "Mr. Errington and us are going to build a church here when we can get enough money. Where would you like it put?"

"We bain't church-goers," said the woman laughing.

"No, but you will be when you get a church."

"Now," said the donkey man, getting bolder when he saw he would be supported by a majority, "will 'ee tell us, little miss, what good a church does 'ee?"

He raised his voice, and several lads and women drew near to listen.

Jill climbed back on her donkey. She did not like the look of the rough boys, but she bravely held her ground.

"It's a place where you can hear about Jesus," she said reverently, "and where you can ask Him what you want. Miss Falkner says He is always there to meet you."

"And what good do He do?" asked a lad with a mocking laugh.

"He helps you to set out, and keep on going to the Golden City," said Jill, looking at him with shocked disapproval. "You wait till you get your church, and Mr. Errington comes out to tell you all about it. You'll wish, when you hear about it, that you'd been told *hundreds* of years ago!"

There was loud laughter, but one of the women came forward and looked at Jill somewhat wistfully.

"Your Golden City reminds me of a hymn I used to sing in Sunday school," she said. "It began, 'Jeroos'lem the golden'!"

"Yes, I know it," said Jill, nodding; "and when you get your church I'll ask Mr. Errington to let you have that hymn every Sunday if you like."

Jill's Red Bag



"THERE BE MY MITE TOWARDS IT"

"Shall we have hymn singin'?" questioned a boy with a white face and dark shock of hair. "Who'll do the moosic?"

"Mr. Errington will do it *all*," said Jill with proud emphasis. "And when the church is open, I shall come over, and Jack, and Bumps, and Miss Falkner. And we'll be in our Sunday clothes, and you will be in yours, and the church will be *crammed*! And there'll be lots of music and singing, and we shall all enjoy it

awfully! And after it's over"—here her imagination ran away with her—"we'll all shake hands, and say how glad we are, and then we'll have flags waving and bells ringing, and a lovely tea which we'll sit down to all together, with cakes and buns, and tea in urns, like a school-feast!"

Jack, who had been listening in silence, broke in now with enthusiasm.

"And then we'll have three cheers for the King, and three cheers for Mr. Errington, and three cheers for our red bag that got the money, and we'll finish up with a bonfire and fireworks!"

Jill pulled out her red bag which she had stuffed into her pocket, and wildly waved it in the air.

"Hurra for Chilton Common Church!" she cried, and the children and rough lads round

joined in her cheer with a hearty goodwill.

"Now," she cried, relapsing from enthusiasm to business, "where would you like us to build it?"

There was a little silence. Some of the women went indoors. The group thinned. Jack looked round wisely.

"I think we'll let Mr. Errington choose the place," he said. "I'm sure it's time to go back."

"Well," said Jill, turning to the blacksmith, who had left his forge and had come out to know what the cheers were about, "I've told you what is going to happen, and if you like to give a tenth of your money, and give it to God, I will take it and put it in my red bag and give it to Mr. Errington."

The blacksmith put his hand in his pocket and brought out sixpence.

"There be my mite towards it," he said. "I always did say a parson up here would be the thing!"

Jill thanked him profusely, dropped the sixpence in her bag, and the children rode away, followed for a short distance by a screaming crowd of small boys and girls.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BISHOP AND THE GEESE

WHEN they reached the beach again the old lady was just in the act of departing for her lunch. She cheerfully paid the donkey man, but Jill was watching the transaction anxiously, and pursued the man to the end of the beach, where she held an earnest conversation with him.

"Jill is trying to make him give up his tenth," said Jack confidentially to the old lady. "I don't think she'll do it."

"What do you mean, child?"

Explanation followed, and with Bumps' eager and breathless interruptions, the old lady got quite mystified.

"Why do you keep talking about a tenth?" she said.

"Because it's a tenth that God expects from everybody," said Jack. "I suppose you give yours to somebody to look after, don't you?"

"I don't give a tenth of my money away at all," said the lady snappishly. "That is an old Jewish law. Thank goodness, we are not Jews, but Christians."

"But Miss Falkner told us it wasn't only meant for Jews," argued Jack. "She says everybody who gets money from God ought to give back some to Him."

"Yeth," nodded Bumps; "and becauth we can't send it up to heaven, Miss Falkner thaid we could thpend it on good things for God down on the earth, and we would be very happy if you gave us your money for our bag, wouldn't we, Jack?"

Jack was not a good beggar. He got hot and red.

"We don't ask people for money," he

said; "but if they like to give us their tenth we should be pleased."

"Jill asks," said Bumps. "She asks everybody!"

"Oh, dear!" said the old lady, "here she comes running back! I must go. There, my boy, there's a coin for your bag!"

She put a sovereign into Jack's hand.

"Is it your tenth?" he asked wonderingly; "what a lot of money you must have! Thank you very much!"

But the old lady was gone, and strangely enough the children never saw her again.

"Have you got any money from the donkey man?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said Jill in quiet triumph. "He gave me sixpence. I don't know whether it was quite a tenth, but he seemed very pleased to do it—at least he got pleased. He said he had never done such a good thing in his life, and he hoped that it would be remembered. I told him God wouldn't forget it, for He can't forget anything. And he told me he only lives a mile from Chilton Common, and when the church is built I'm to let him know, and he will come and see it. He's a nice man!"

Then Jack opened his hand, and let her see what he had got. Jill screamed in ecstasy; the red bag was produced, and when both coins were safely deposited, they ran indoors to their dinner, feeling they had had an eventful morning.

The days passed slowly. There were days when everything went wrong, when Jill, as well as Jack and Bumps, was seized with the spirit of mischief and naughtiness. She was very repentant when the day was over, but Annie did not understand her moods, and was not so long-suffering as Miss Falkner.

"It's no good leading me such a life all day, and then thinking you make it all right by saying you're sorry," she said with great severity. "You're all talk, Miss Jill! pretending to be so good with your bag of money, and making Miss Bumps as wicked as yourself when you choose! I've no belief in them that talks good and acts wicked!"

Jill's passionate temper was roused at once.

"I don't pretend, and I don't talk good! And I hate you, Annie! It's you that make us wicked! Miss Falkner never does! I'll run away, and go straight home, and catch the scarlet fever! I won't stay with you!"

Jill's Red Bag

Annie laughed scornfully.

"Words again! You want a piece clipped out of your saucy tongue, Miss Jill!"

Jill was sitting up in bed. With all her strength she flung her pillow in Annie's face.

Annie caught it, and marched out of the room with it.

"You naughty, impudent child! I shall take it right away to punish you. You can sleep without it to-night!"

Jill buried her burning cheeks in her bolster, and began to cry.

Bumps sat up and ruefully regarded her.

"Never mind, Jill. Annie is horrid. Oh, pleath don't cry!"

"It's no good," sobbed poor Jill. "Annie doesn't mean me to finish off being wicked. She tries to make me go on for ever. Nobody understands but Miss Falkner. It's no use to try to be good again. I shall have to go on being in disgrace. I've gone miles away from my path to the Golden City to-day, and just when I'm trying to find my way back again, Annie pushes me away. I shall give it up altogether. I shall throw my red bag in the sea to-morrow, and shall give no more tenths to God. I shall be as wicked as I possibly can. I'm meant to be wicked!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bumps, in despair. "You do want Miss Falkner, Jill."

"Of course I do," said Jill, angrily. "How can I be good without her?"

"I wonder," said Bumps, "if God would do instead!"

There was silence. Bumps sometimes—baby though she was—had the rare faculty of hitting the nail straight on the head.

Jill stopped her weeping and began to think.

"I think," she said, after a few minutes' silence, "I'll just tell God all about it. I'd like to tell Him how nasty Annie is!"

Better thoughts soon stole into her angry little heart.

"There's one thing," she said presently, startling Bumps out of her first sleep; "God knows the proper truth about me. He knows I am sorry that I was tiresome to-day! Annie doesn't believe me, but He will. And He knows I don't pretend to be good!"

"Yeth," assented Bumps, drowsily; "He knowth it!"

Jill dropped asleep comforted.

The long time was over at last. Mona recovered, and went away for change of air;

the house was cleaned and re-papered, and one day Miss Falkner arrived to take them home.

"We almost like lessons now," said Jack. "We've had such long holidays."

But when lessons began the children found them irksome. They had become thoroughly unsettled, and accustomed to careless, unpunctual ways. Miss Falkner's regular routine fretted and chafed them. She found she needed all her patience to bring them, and keep them, under her control.

"I think," Jill said to Jack one day, and her face was thoughtful as she spoke, "that no one can be properly good till they are twenty. I wonder how old Miss Falkner is."

"She's just as old as Mona," said Jack. "I heard Mona tell Miss Webb so."

"How funny! But she's not a bit like Mona."

"No. Miss Webb said to Mona when she told her, 'You are a child beside her, Mona.' Now, what did she mean by that?"

Jill pondered.

"Miss Falkner looks older. And I expect being good makes you old. Miss Falkner is *very* good. I'm sure when I try to be very good, and make you and Bumps good too, I feel—I feel a hundred years old!"

"I don't think children are meant to be *very* good," said Jack. "People always talk of us as if we're wicked. P'raps we ought to be good on Sundays."

"If we're walking to the Golden City, we ought to be good every day," said Jill decidedly.

Jack shook his curly head.

"I've thought of a lovely game I'm going to make Bumps play at."

"What?" asked Jill in an eager tone.

"Why, you know the story that comes in our reading-books about the geese who saved Rome by cackling when the enemy was creeping up. I'm going to be the enemy, and Bumps and you must be asleep."

"But where?" asked Jill. "It was on the top of a high hill."

"Yes," nodded Jack; "but I've thought it out. There's the church tower. We'll do it to-morrow afternoon, and we'll take the geese up first."

"That will be splendid," said Jill; "only how will you do it? Remember the swans! I think if we can get hold of their food, and

hold it out to them, they'll follow us, but how will you climb up to the tower?"

"Tom Sanders has done it. He told me he did, and I'm longing to try. You climb the yew tree first, and then get on to the ivy. Then you get in at the belfry window. He got out again and went up by the lightning-conductor, but I thought the geese would see me climbing in at the window, and then they'll cackle—and of course I shan't be able to come on any further."

"But supposing they don't cackle?"

"Well, that's the game—to see if they do! If they don't, I shall know Roman history tells lies. Because, of course, these geese are just the same as those were."

"These are English geese!" Jill said doubtfully.

Jack was undaunted. He was a true little Briton.

"Then they must be better than Roman geese, and they'll cackle twice as loud, and be double as fierce!"

So the next afternoon when lessons were over, instead of playing in the garden, the three children stole off to the farmyard.

The prospect was so exciting that even Jill had no qualms of conscience. Jack had persuaded one of the farm lads who looked after the geese to save him a dish of their food. Armed with a big dish he boldly went up to the biggest gander, who greedily put his head into it at once. It was the signal for all the others to follow suit. Then Jack, holding the dish, ran out of the farmyard; and to the children's delight, away strode the flock of geese after him, stretching out their necks and shrieking in protest. Jill and Bumps followed behind with switches to drive them along. Unfortunately, the fowls joined the chase, and two small black pigs escaped out of the yard and with squeals of delight raced into the flower-garden. Out into the lane the little procession went, and the geese behaved very well. Occasionally one or two would dive into a ditch after frogs, which delayed progress, but with Jill and Bumps chasing them behind, and Jack enticing them in front, they at last reached the churchyard, which was not very far away. The door of the tower was found open, and the geese were with a little difficulty driven in. But when Jill turned and shut the door a pandemonium ensued. The frightened birds screamed, and beat their wings against each other. As to making them mount the spiral stone steps, it seemed

an impossibility. When Jack caught hold of the gander and tried to hoist him up, he turned and pecked at his hand so viciously that it began to bleed. Bumps got frightened, and crept into an empty oak chest. Jill coaxed and beat the birds by turns, and geese and children shrieked at the top of their voices, till the old tower echoed and re-echoed with the noise.

But Jack and Jill never gave up any cherished plan very easily.

By perseverance, and with much toil and persuasion, they got two young geese to the top. Their wings were strong and they flew most of the way. With these two birds they were forced to be content. Poor Bumps was forgotten, and the gander and his tribe were so furious at being entrapped in such a manner, that they shrieked and fought like furies. Bumps felt if she showed herself amongst them she would literally be torn to pieces, so she lay still in her chest, her little heart panting and throbbing with fright.

Presently she heard voices in the church, and in a few minutes the belfry door was flung open.

Mr. Errington had been entertaining his bishop that day, and had brought him and a party of ladies to look at a beautiful old screen in the church. Their consternation and amazement was considerable when the flock of angry geese confronted them. The ladies beat a hasty retreat behind the yew tree, and the bishop spoke sternly to the vicar, though there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Is this usual, Errington? Is the belfry your poultry-yard?"

And poor Mr. Errington was so utterly astounded that he could not utter a sound.

Away waddled the geese down the churchyard path, and then Bumps lifted up her voice, and her little body too, thereby causing a second alarm.

"Pleath it's only me," she explained, climbing out of her retreat. "The geeth were so angry, I wath quite frightened!"

"Are you a little goose girl?" asked the bishop, bending over her, and putting his hand under her chin.

"No," said Bumps, feeling distinctly aggrieved; "I'm not a gooth at all. It's a game, only the thtupid geeth won't play properly!"

"I am afraid, my lord," said Mr. Errington, recovering his presence of mind, "that some young people have been making free of this belfry without my knowledge."

Jill's Red Bag

Then turning to Bumps he said, "Where are your brother and sister? I fancy they are the culprits."

"They're up-stairs," said Bumps, tears filling her blue eyes, which she vainly struggled to keep back. "They're playing the game without me. They always does when I get left behind. The geeth wouldn't go up-stairs, but Jack and Jill made two of them go."

"And what game are you playing?" asked the bishop gently.

"It's something about Rome and geeth that have to cackle, and an enemy. Jack is the enemy; he is climbing up outhide, and the top is Rome, and the geeth have to wake Jill and me up. But I've never been athleep, and it's all no good!"

Tears dropped on her white pinafore.

The bishop looked more amused than

angry. He turned to Mr. Errington—

"They say that some of our churches lead to Rome, Errington, but these youngsters have been early in discovering it. I should like to go up to Rome, I think. Will you lead the way?"

So Mr. Errington obeyed, and the ladies rustled after them, taking Bumps with them. When they came out on the top, two geese were being held down forcibly by a very hot and dirty little boy and girl.

"Stop your cackling, you brutes!" Jack was screaming. "I want you to stop till I come up! They're no good, Jill, if they go on like this, and they'll be flying over the tower next. What shall we do? Let us tie their legs!"

"Jack!"



THE BOY STARTED AND LET GO OF HIS GOOSE

Jill's Red Bag

Mr. Errington's tone was so sternly indignant that the boy started and let go of his goose, which flew frantically between the bishop's legs, knocked Bumps down, and finally took a header down the belfry stairs.

"What do you mean by this? How dare you use this church for such a purpose? Isn't your garden large enough for your games?"

"We haven't got a tower," mumbled Jack.

Jill broke in eagerly, "Please, Mr. Errington, don't be angry. We haven't been into church. We wouldn't think of playing games in there. We didn't think you'd mind up here, and it is a history game."

"It seems to me," said the bishop, looking at Mr. Errington with a twinkle in his eye, "that you have some scamps amongst your parishioners as well as examples. I have been hearing"—here the bishop

turned to Jack and Jill—"of some good little children that I think you would do well to imitate. You might expend some of your superfluous zeal on following their example. These children are steadily putting by a tenth of all their money, and persuading many of their friends to do the same, with the object of building a mission-room in a neglected neighbourhood!"

Jack and Jill looked at the bishop with open eyes and mouth.

"But that's us!" gasped Jill.

There was a moment's silence. Then the bishop's sense of humour overcame him and he laughed aloud, the ladies joining him, only Mr. Errington preserving his gravity.

As he descended the stairs again, he said to the vicar, "One lives and learns, Errington. I had forgotten the complex natures of children."

(To be continued.)



"WHO GOES THERE?"

Prize Drawing by H. L. Robbins, *The Leisure Hour* Elstedford

Wind in a Garden

BY LESLIE KEITH

NOT to all of us is it given in our maturer years to retrace our footsteps, to see in Nature the same physiognomy she first presented to our childish gaze; to hear in her many-voiced song, her delicate improvisations, her sighings, her mournful chant, the same mythic chorus. We leave the sweet beliefs of childhood behind, we fall from our first visions of beauty as we tread the arid ways of life, and Nature, closing her thickets behind us, refuses surrender of the lost path that leads back to her secret shrine.

But he who by some gracious gift is able to read his life's chronicle backwards, and, in the grown man's body to let the acquiescent spirit of the child react upon the currents of life, must remember the strange, weird impression made by the first sound of wind, the first vision of stars. Not by any careless conjunction do we marry these twin mysteries, for in the world's cradle-time were they not children of one home, and Eos, goddess of day's beginnings, mother alike of heaven's breezes and its lights?

In the sunshine, in the rain, in the springing of grass, leaf and bud, in the song of finch or thrush the child's spirit finds conformity. These are Nature's open mercies, her accepted gifts; but the invisible wind, a disembodied voice, running along the tree-tops, beating at heaven's lattice, brushing the very feet of the stars—what strange, uncanny thing is this that in the darkness haunts the garden's peace?

Who can forget that first-tasted luxury of terror—wind in the night? Clash of wings, cohorts of angels, powers unseen, presences felt in every thrilling nerve sweeping by with wailings that touch sorrow's profound; heaven's "altar candles" extinguished, clouds fleeing before the rush of those mighty pinions like the last fugitives of a routed army—the child whose crib is rocked, as the bird's nest swung between earth and sky in the pine-top, to the mournfully-chanted prophecies of this unseen host, has received an impression that will not die. For one moment, at least, Nature, who finds herself so much more in kinship with the child than with

the man, lifts a corner of her veil, and vaguely, as through a mist, he perceives her divinity.

All poets, Nature's sworn interpreters, have been penetrated with this sense of uncanniness in the homeless, alien wind that bloweth where it listeth, but perhaps it has never been more perfectly felt than in that ode of the fourteenth century from the book of Taliesen, which Prof. Rhys has translated.

"His banner he flings
O'er the earth as he springs
On his way, but unseen
Are its folds, and his mien,
Rough or fair, is not shown,
And his face is unknown.
From the heat of the sun,
From the cold of the moon
He draws splendour and speed,
And the stars urge his steed.
Seven stars are in heaven,
Seven gifts were they given,
And the student of stars
Knows them, Mercury, Mars,
And their kin and their might.
How the moon fetches light
From the sun, too, he knows,
And how freely it flows:
But who tells us or knows
Whence came, swift and strong,
This Creature, made long
Ere man was; and grown
Without flesh, without bone,
Without veins, without blood,
Without hands, without feet,
Strong, fearless and fleet
Ere the flood?"

The note of sympathy with the almost human element of sorrow in the wind's "wants and its infinite wail" finds fine expression in Browning's *James Lee's Wife*:

"Still ailing, wind! Wilt be appeased or no?
Which needs the other's office, thou or I?
Dost want to be disburthened of a woe,
And can, in truth, my voice untie
Its links, and let it go?

Art thou a dumb, wronged thing that would
be righted,
Entrusting thus thy cause to me? . . .

Wind in a Garden

I know not any tone
So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow;
Dost think men would go mad without a moan
If they knew any way to borrow
A pathos like thy own?

Or wouldst thou rather that I understood
Thy will to help me? Like the dog I found
Once, pacing sad this solitary strand,
Who would not take my food, poor hound,
But whined and licked my hand?"

Shakespeare, always unerring, has the
"viewless" wind.

Milton plays with many epithets: "felon,"
"frolic," "wanton," "rocking"—"the rock-
ing winds are piping loud."

In Spenser we find the "warbling" wind,
the "simple" air, terms very felicitous for
certain too rare days in the year's calendar.

Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*—itself a
passion-stirred gust of emotion—will occur
to every one:

"O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves
dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing.

Yellow and black and pale, and hectic red
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; and thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low
Each like a corpse within his grave until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill.

Wild spirit which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and Preserver, hear, O hear!"

And is there not in Kingsley a singer who
tunes his harp in praise of the north-easter,
that Ishmael among the winds?

"'Tis the grey hard weather
Breeds hard English men.

Come as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.

Come, and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood,
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God."

But not in any printed page, however

deeply inspired, do we realise the wind's
wayward charm, nor yet in city street,
where, purifying as may be its mission, it
seems but to insult us, lifting shoulder-high
the "pillared dust" to fling it with wanton
outrage in our faces. Abroad, afield in the
open country, must we follow this untamed,
untamable spirit to realise its individuality,
its character, its infinite variety of play and
change. Who would miss, once seen, the
landscape of the sky that is the wind's
work—clouds driven like sheep before a
shepherd to the west's far rim at day's decline,
orgrouped "sculptured mist," to be saturated
with the red of dawn; the slanted hail-
storm lashed as by a madman at the whip's
point; or renounce, once heard, the tumult
of mighty harmonies evoked from the
responsive forest? Have we ever realised
the beauty of a corn-field till we have seen
the wind's self made visible in every swaying
stem, or the infinite shades and gradations
of ashen greys and greens called forth by
the caress of wind brushing lip to meadow
grass?

But it is in garden spaces we come nearest
to the mystery of this protean child of nature,
who in one breath can fell the oak of
centuries and in the next woo "the bud
from out the bough," for here we learn to
recognise his bugle note. Pan is dead—the
shivering reeds proclaim it; but the wind
is heir to his pipes; at the breath of an
unseen mouth every growing thing responds
in its own melody, sliding by semi-tones
until the whole diapason is compassed.

Leaves, shaken from their noonday dreams,
join in the murmured chorus; every bell
and bloom that hangs a head rings its own
little peal, if you have but a fine ear to hear
it. Yellow poplars, craning long throats as
they call to each other; the laurel, "scatter-
ing silver lights" as it sings; the elm with
its full, large note—each has its place in the
great orchestra. In the deep contralto of
the "herded" pines there is "the voice of
many waters." The "sailing pyne" was
the mariner's tree when England tamed the
ocean, and so the wind has caught the sea-
trick and carries far inland the song of the
deep.

Music, colour, fragrance—how much do
we owe to the wind's ministry! Seeing it
at work, the moralist has his theme ready
to hand, since save for this servant of heaven
should we perceive the beauty of the hidden,
the unsuspected beauty revealed by buffet-
ings? The under-side of everything in the

Wind in a Garden

natural kingdom has its value ; what charm would garden and hedgerow lose without a breeze to show the silver lining of the willow, the olive, the aspen ; the ambers and reds of the half-expanded sycamore, or the snowy under-surface of the white beam leaf ! And who, in a windless world, would woo to sleep those little choristers of God, the song-birds, or carry to tired senses the incense of new-mown hay, or bean-field, or June rose ?

But how little, at the best, do we see or understand, even in these, the beaten ways of nature. The contact between ourselves and the great Mother is incomplete ; before her soul there is a drawn curtain, the image we discern behind it vague, blurred, uncertain. Could we but realise more clearly the deep affinity which unites all life in one, how much would it quicken our sense of love to God, of love to all that He has made. Who dares doubt that sympathies unknown to us still—too deep environed in the grossness of the flesh—shall one day awake and thrill from kingdom to kingdom along the

great chain that links the lowest thing drawing the breath of life with man at the summit of the organic scale, ay, and with the angels standing by the throne ? For—

“What if earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein

Each to each other like, more than on earth we thought?”

Even here and now where we grope blindly in our dim guessing at the great enigma, “God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear”—secrets revealed only to the childlike heart. Will the day dawn for us too when we shall be no longer isolated, but, taking our place in the universal harmony, learn at last to read the Divine plan, not a page missed or misunderstood ?

Then truly, and then only, will God

“ . . . be seen God

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,
In the Soul, in the clod.”

The Australian Mutton-Bird

A GREAT ANNUAL MIGRATION

FOR several years past, one of the greatest of southern bird-flights has been attracting the attention of naturalists. The flight consists of mutton-birds, who come to nest annually on Phillip Island and the neighbourhood, on the eastern coastline of Victoria. The birds arrive in countless thousands, coming in immense flocks, and they reach their rookeries within a few hours of the same date every year. It is this curious example of the power of the homing and the breeding instinct that has caused so much attention to be paid to the bird. In mid-November 1902, for example, there was no sign of a mutton-bird on Phillip Island ; but on the evening of the 24th they were almost darkening the air as they flew in from the sea. The mutton-bird is a fat, unwieldy, and ungraceful bird, something like a duck in appearance. It is an effort for them to rise ; but once in the air they appear to be very strong fliers, as indeed they must be, for they come from all distances and directions to their breeding-ground. Phillip Island faces Bass's Straits and the Southern Ocean, over whose broad expanse the mutton-birds roam during the rest of the year. They never come to the rookeries out-

side of the nesting season ; but as soon as that time comes, with one common instinct they turn their heads for home, where practically the whole of them arrive during the first two or three days. As illustrating their strong gregariousness, Captain Waller, of the s.s. *Westralia*, reports that on November 2, while proceeding between New Zealand and Australia, he steamed for thirty miles through solid flights of mutton-birds, extending three or four miles on either side. The birds settled on the sea occasionally to feed, and they then completely covered the water in their neighbourhood, and looked, continues the captain, like a reef of black rocks. All of these birds were making for the Victorian coast.

The nests at the rookeries are made in the soft earth, which is covered with tussocks and pig's-face (*mesembryanthemum*) ; and in this the bird scratches and roots a burrow or hole in which to lay her one egg. The burrows, of course, exist for year after year, though some of them get closed up with sand and debris and have to be opened up afresh by their owners. As soon as they arrive the birds begin to prepare their nests or take possession of old ones,

The Australian Mutton-Bird

and the scene is animated and noisy in the extreme. The birds scramble about, screaming and fighting, and it is a long time before even comparative order reigns. Then a curious process takes place. Each nest is occupied by a pair of birds, who take turn about at sitting on the egg and in going out for food. Very early in the morning, commencing a couple of hours before sunrise, and continuing till dawn, one bird from each nest sets out in search of food, flying off, quite in the dark, straight out to sea. By daylight half of the birds on the rookeries have vanished, and nothing more is seen of them until dark. Then, shortly after sunset, dark objects are seen flying in from the ocean. They are the mutton-birds returning to their nests, to relieve their mates. There is much squawking and fighting as the returning birds hunt out their own nests, but eventually they all seem to find their mates. The latter, who have been sitting on the egg all day, then, before daybreak again, take their trip out to sea, and so the process goes on until the egg is hatched and the young one feathered.

The noise and smell become steadily worse, until at last, one fine day, when there is a good strong breeze blowing in from the sea, the whole of the birds, old and young, fly out on the ocean, and this time they do not come back. Out they go, leaving deserted nests and a few addled eggs; and the rookeries know them no more until next spring.

Besides the naturalists, who go to observe them, there is a professional class that visits the rookeries for the purpose of securing eggs and birds for commercial purposes. The "egggers" comprise men, women, and children, all armed with wire crooks, with which they fish the eggs out of the burrows. The egggers reap a rich harvest, as the eggs are very plentiful. The egg is of fair quality, with a peculiar taste. Later on, the egggers turn their attention to the young birds, which they kill in thousands. The young birds are a mass of fat, and are very tender. They are not used at once. It has been found that, salted down, they form a pleasant addition to the larder, and they are sold in small barrels, like herrings. It is their taste, in this state, which gave them their name. This spring the Victorian Ornithological Union celebrated its annual congress with a mutton-bird dinner. The birds were braised, grilled, and devilled, and some of those used had been kept for a year in a freezing chamber.

So great was the destruction, both of birds and eggs, that the authorities stepped in, and a close season for three years was proclaimed for two of the principal rookeries. Although so far no appreciable diminution in the number of birds has been observed, the action of the Government has been approved, as the indiscriminate slaughter that was going on was bound to have its effect.

FRANK S. SMITH.

Sunday in Factory Circles

BY AN EX-FACTORY WORKER

AMONG the factory workers of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Sunday is by no means a dull day. In the majority of manufacturing centres, Sunday schools, and indeed places of worship generally, are not attended nearly so well in the morning as in the afternoon and evening. The reason is not far to seek. All factory workers have to be up at 5.30 prompt every morning during the week, some even earlier. So far, so good. But when Sunday morning comes they naturally think they have a perfect right to lie in bed a little longer than usual, and who can blame them for so doing?

The hard-worked mother nearly always contrives to get the younger children off to school. Where the family is growing up, the girls take it in turn to stay at home and help prepare the Sunday dinner, the rest depart to chapel or church.

No factory worker likes to miss afternoon Sunday school. Then it is that girls and young women throng the "select" classes of their respective places of worship, and listen to addresses on religious subjects. Sometimes, however, they meet together to enjoy a musical service composed of sacred songs and solos. These musical Sunday afternoons, usually held once a month, are a popular feature of a large number of places of worship. It is not often that outside talent is obtained or required. Very often the performers are members of the choir, factory workers with voices above the average. As is well known, Yorkshire and Lancashire "mill hands" are noted for their love of music and singing, and I have listened to voices in Sunday schools that would have been prized in London drawing-rooms.

Then again, in the large manufacturing towns of the north of England, most of

Sunday in Factory Circles

the Sunday school teachers are composed of factory workers — weavers, spinners, combers, carders, who work hard all the week, and cheerfully give part of their one day of leisure to help on the work of Christ among the children. One advantage factory workers who labour in Sunday schools do possess. They work on a kind of relay system. That is, one Sunday is devoted to teaching in the Sunday school, the next is given up to attending their own class. Of course this system entails the necessity of having a large staff of Sunday school teachers, but it has its advantages. Hundreds of factory workers are both teachers and scholars, and the system seems to strengthen the interest in Sunday school work.

Stand outside any Sunday school at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in summer, and watch the factory workers coming forth in scores. As soon as school is closed it is the custom to go for a walk. The public parks are always crowded on Sunday afternoons.

In one respect, at least, the factory workers of our northern towns differ considerably from their sisters of the East End of London, and that is in dress. During a recent visit to East London, I went for a stroll one Sunday evening, and passed several groups of what were pointed out to me as typical East End factory girls. I cannot say that I fell in love with the type. These girls, one and all, wore large white aprons, great straw hats adorned with drooping feathers, dingy-coloured shawls on the shoulders, and the inevitable fringe. Certainly they were clean, but they carried their everyday calling as plainly in outward appearance as though it had been stamped upon them in letters. Not so the factory workers of Yorkshire and Lancashire. See a group of weavers decked out in all the glory of new summer costumes, and it would puzzle an expert to tell whether they were the members of some respectable middle-class family, or merely factory workers. It is only when their speech betrayeth them that onlookers are able to give a decided opinion.

Anniversary Sunday at church or chapel is a great event in factory circles. Among Dissenters it is familiarly known as "sitting-up" Sunday, and derives its title from the

fact that the girls of the Sunday school are accustomed to occupy a prominent position in chapel on that particular day, dressed in their new summer clothes. In years past all the children used to be dressed in white, but any colour is permitted now-a-days.

Sunday tea is always early in factory circles, and Sunday is the day on which friends are entertained. After tea music and singing are freely indulged in by the whole family. In these progressive days pianos are familiar features in factory households, and at least one of the family is nearly certain to be able to play the instrument. Sankey's hymns are universal favourites among factory workers, and as you pass an open door, tunes may be heard which have been familiar from the days of earliest childhood. What may be described as standard hymns are also very popular for Sunday evening singing, and "Lead kindly Light," "Abide with Me," "Sun of my Soul," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," may be heard from family choirs. When the singing is over it is time to prepare for evening service at church or chapel.

As before stated, evening congregations at places of worship are much larger than in the morning. In fine weather long walks are invariably the rule after evening service. Young men and maidens pair off as naturally in factory circles as in higher ranks of life. As a rule, however, late hours are not kept on Sunday evenings, partly through force of custom, and partly because of the early hour of rising on the Monday morning. Thus pleasantly enough, in most instances, ends the Sabbath among factory workers. Of course the fact remains that there is a certain percentage of factory workers who are outside all religious agencies, but it is not of these that I have spoken. I think it may be said that the great bulk of factory workers spend the Sabbath in a manner which cannot be praised too highly. At any rate, factory workers who spend their Sundays in teaching in Sunday schools, helping at children's services, and otherwise doing all in their power to aid the cause of religion, must bring to mind the saying of Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe*, that those who do good having the unlimited power to do evil, deserve praise, not only for the good they may perform, but for the evil which they forbear.

PRISCILLA E. MOULDER.

Mr. Gladstone in the Second-hand Bookshop

BY THE REV. J. P. HOBSON, M.A.

THAT Mr. Gladstone was a good friend to second-hand booksellers is well known, and many of his dealings with them have been recorded, but there are plenty more to be unearthed. A chat with one of those whom he used to patronise has brought out some characteristic anecdotes of this old book-lover which have probably never seen the light before.

Mr. Salkeld, now of Ivy House, 306 Clapham Road, formerly occupied a shop in Orange Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. Here was Mr. Gladstone's happy hunting-ground. The speciality of this shop is antiquarian, historical, old lore books and pamphlets. Any one of the catalogues issued by Mr. Salkeld reveals a number of out-of-the-way items. As these catalogues were issued they were sent to the old gentleman. In due time one would be returned with the names of the particular books or pamphlets wanted ticked with a strong tick, and a note on the first page to the effect that they were to be dealt with as usual, *i.e.* that books which needed binding should be bound, and others sent on. When the bill was delivered Mr. Gladstone promptly returned the money less ten per cent. discount which second-hand booksellers had got into the way of allowing him.

On one occasion, at a time of great political pressure, Mr. Gladstone had come up from Hawarden to attend a Cabinet Council meeting, and called in at Mr. Salkeld's, clad in his well-known grey coat, on his way from the station. He walked up to the table, put down some money to pay an account which was due, and took up the change which had been given, allowing for ten per cent. discount. He appeared to be pre-occupied, and left the shop without making any remarks as he often did. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the old statesman, on whose shoulders sat the burden of an empire,

appeared again, and walking up to the table, laid down the money given as discount, saying, "I am not entitled to this, the bill is nearly six months old."

Soon after this a dissolution took place, and Mr. Gladstone went out of office. He

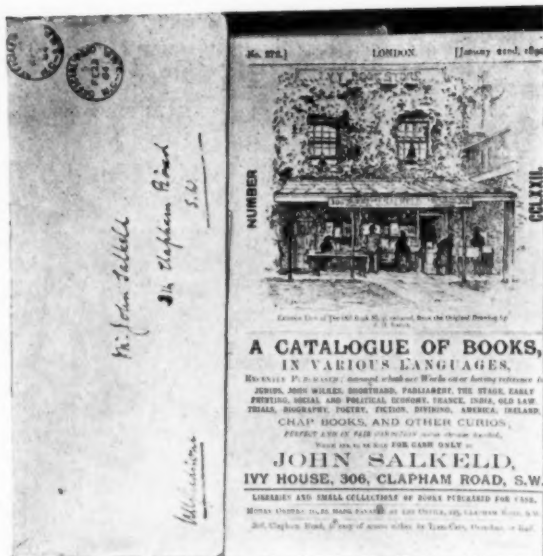


CATALOGUE MARKED AND ADDRESSED BY MR. GLADSTONE IN 1889, WITH HIS INSTRUCTIONS

arranged with Mr. Salkeld that the latter was to buy many of his books of reference, books on Ireland, India, and America, from his breakfast-room in Carlton House Terrace. This was done, and a catalogue was about to be prepared, on the title-page of which the fact was to be recorded that the books had been his. They were particularly valuable, as many of them had his autograph written in them, and what

Mr. Gladstone in the Second-hand Bookshop

was more important, many of them were annotated *more Gladstone*. A few of the smaller items were sold immediately. A day or two after the purchase Mr. Gladstone entered the shop, accompanied by a certain nobleman who was a warm friend and ardent admirer of the great Liberal statesman. Walking up to Mr. Salkeld, he said, "I have come upon rather an unpleasant business; it is to say that Lord — wants to purchase all the books back again," and turning to the peer, he remarked, "I will leave you to settle the matter with Mr. Salkeld." Walking out of the shop, he left the two to wrestle the affair out. After a great deal of discussion the nobleman agreed to give twenty per cent. more than the bookseller had given, while the latter was to endeavour to get the return of all the books which had been sold. In one case, at any rate, the purchaser



CATALOGUE ADDRESSED BY MR. GLADSTONE IN 1894

Dear Sir
Please to send to me
(10 Downing Street) the marked
books as in former year, mak-
ing good & tidy any that require
it. Also please to put to 236
(in the margin) into half-moon
co., top edges fill.
I am sorry you have been
so far from the centre of the
main year's gathering, second
Handwritten
Sept 5. 22
W. E. Gladstone

LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE TO
MR. SALKELD, 1882

demurred, and said the peer must write to him if he wanted the book. The books were packed in boxes and taken to the peer's house, also in Carlton House Terrace.

On another occasion, when Mr. Gladstone went to pay a bill, Mr. Salkeld had no receipt stamp by him. Mr. Gladstone said, "Why not use an ordinary penny stamp? it pays just the same amount to the revenue — put one on." This was done; no evil consequences followed. Shortly after this the postage and receipt stamp were made one. This change probably took its origin from this circumstance.

Mr. Gladstone never could get over the removal of this shop to the south side of the river, as the accompanying letter shows. He sent his orders for books, but he never got to the shop. This was not from want of trying, for he made two attempts to reach it; once he got as far as Dr. Newman Hall's (now Rev. F. B. Meyer's) Church in Westminster Bridge Road. The next time he even reached the Horns at Kennington, but finding no bookshops to allure him on as far as the Clapham Road, he gave up the attempt, and Ivy House never saw the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, statesman and book-lover.

How to Spend a Summer Holiday

RECORDS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

(Extracts from Essays in *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod)

Hop-picking in Kent

ONE of the most delightful holidays I have ever spent was in the Kentish hop-grounds in September 1901.

I left London a few days before the end of August, and was joined at a farm-house by two friends, one in delicate health and suffering from insomnia, the other, like myself, in great need of rest and change.

We paid £1 a week for a sitting and two bedrooms, and boarded ourselves. We did most of our own work, but some of the cooking was done for us—our landlady was most kind in supplying our wants and meeting our wishes.

I was absolutely determined to earn sufficient money to cover all my expenses, especially as I am extremely fond of hop-picking. My friends brought their bicycles and frequently treated themselves to an "off-day" or half day, and if the dew happened to lie heavily on the ground the invalid did not make her appearance before nine o'clock—some two hours after we had been at work. We had to breakfast at 6.30.

Our stock-in-trade consisted of baskets, chairs, camp-stools, old large umbrellas, boards to put our feet upon, a spirit lamp and kettle, and a large stone bottle for holding water—all of which were conveyed to the field by the farmer. Each morning we took out a substantial luncheon of cake, pies, sandwiches, fruit, etc., and made our own tea and coffee in our "nooning," which was usually an hour or more in length and left us time to read a bit, and then "all to work" being cried, we settled down for the afternoon picking—generally over by five o'clock. We each had a waterproof apron and sleeves, and old kid gloves, and carefully covered up all our belongings before starting homewards.

We had usually changed our dresses and were ready for "high tea" by six o'clock; and how we did enjoy those teas! Nothing seems to make one enjoy one's food or sleep so soundly as hop-picking.

Boiled and roasted chicken, jugged hare, delicious curries, fresh and dried fish, eggs, honey, junket, stewed and fresh fruit, and a generous supply of salads were all furnished by the farmer's wife, besides the home-made bread, butter, and country milk. We became so brown and fat that we thought we must be looking at somebody else in the glass. If the invalid said a word about not sleeping well she was promptly dosed with home-made spiced elderberry wine! It made her sleep too, and is much nicer than horrible sleeping-draughts.

The people in the hop-fields were quiet and well-behaved, and consisted entirely of villagers and shopkeepers and a few farmers' families,

with the exception of a few families from some of the neighbouring towns who came regularly to the same place each year, and camped out.

We used to say how delightful it would be to hire our own gipsy van—à la Dr. Gordon Stables—and fit it up comfortably—in fact, we have not entirely given up that idea yet.

Picking hops in East Kent—at any rate, in the districts I have visited—is quite different from the way it is done in the Weald. Here a larger number of Londoners are employed, who sleep in hoppers' huts and stand round a large bin picking. In the district I am accustomed to, most of the work is done by local people—all classes having something to do with it either for pleasure or profit—and the workers sit round in a convenient position for their own big basket of five bushels. When enough hops have been picked to fill this, the bin-man roars "tally," and the tally-man, who is the responsible head in the absence of the farmer, checks off the amount on his own tallies and on the corresponding one—a thin, polished slip of wood—kept by the workers.

Many school-masters take up the employment of a tally-man during the hop-picking, as all schools are closed and the pupils in the grounds, and they thus materially increase their income, the pay being very good and the work light.

A bin-man is always willing to move the workers' goods and chattels from place to place as required, for a small gratuity, but in cases of emergency workers must remove their own things, and in all cases keep the rules of the grounds. Women with silly airs and fancies, burdened with false pride, and objecting to "babies' concerts," had better keep away from the grounds, but hard workers in cities who would like to lay in a stock of health and strength for the winter, and who possess a fund of common-sense and some sense of humour, might have a really enjoyable time.

It must be unpleasant if persistently wet day after day, as in some seasons, but I have only worked when the weather has been good, with only occasionally a wet day, when all the workers went home.

Our combined expenses for four weeks amounted to close upon £8, and this included the food and refreshments in the neighbouring towns we visited. Our travelling expenses we met privately. The hop-picking did not last quite four weeks, and I earned at the rate of 15s. per week, my two friends 7s. 6d. and 5s. respectively. Last year I had other duties, but I hope to keep next September free for another delightful time, and if I can do so, others will join me.

How to Spend a Summer Holiday

At Okehampton, Devon

A HUSBAND and wife went by L. & S.W. excursion to Okehampton, situated on the northern shoulder of Dartmoor. Stayed at Palmer's Hotel, a choice they never regretted. Good excursions to the Tors round about, Tintagel, Lydford, Drewsteignton, Princetown.

Board and residence for two for a fortnight cost £5. Including railway fares, cost of drives, etc., the total cost was £9 4s.

At Killarney

FOUR Londoners. A month's holiday. United savings £50. Left Euston 10.15 p.m., reaching Dublin next morning. Stayed in rooms in Killarney. "Many glorious days we spent on those enchanted lakes, with their shadowy legends remembered and loved. . . . We became more Irish than the Irish. . . . And sometimes we four travellers, meeting for a quiet talk in busy, dusty, tired London, recall our holiday in Killarney, and the perfect rest of mind and body we found there. The people? Delightful. Kind, humorous, courteous always."

At Dresden

A SINGLE lady. Return 2nd class ticket from London by Harwich and Antwerp, £4 14s. 6d. Hotel accommodation £2 a week or even less. A ten-pound note will cover a fortnight's holiday and permit several excursions to be made.

Hotel: *Deutscher Herold*. The Palace. The Picture Gallery. Bands play on the Bruhl Terrace by the river every evening, and many concerts are given in the public gardens. Excursion by steamer to Wehlen. Another day further up the river, crossing the Austrian frontier, and landing at Bodenbach. "On both sides of the river, grey crags, frowning fortresses, dewy forest-clad ravines, alternated in ever-fresh beauty. . . . The people of Saxony are most honest and courteous, ready to help the traveller in every way. The tourist who does not find a fortnight in Dresden delightful must be hard to please."

At a Country Farm-house

A SINGLE man. "My idea is to render my mode of living for the time being as unlike the ordinary humdrum London routine as can be, and for a brief fortnight I practically lead a farmer's life. Every morning I am up betimes and take a pleasant canter on the farmer's mare; after breakfast (and what a wonderful breakfast it is—how delicious the cream, how appetising the eggs and bacon!) I busy myself about the farm and experience a strange delight and restfulness in manual labour; of an afternoon I go a-fishing with the farmer's boys, or take snapshots with my camera, or lie reading in some shady meadow; towards dusk I help to drive in the cows; at night I solace myself with my violin. . . . What holiday could be simpler, cheerfuller, healthier?"

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A Bicycle Tour in Belgium

FOUR girl friends. Harwich to Antwerp, thence by rail to Namur. Rode up the valley of the Meuse to Dinant. Stayed there four nights, and had some good boating on the river. Then to Rochefort, twenty-five miles from Dinant. From Rochefort to St. Hubert, in the heart of the Forest of Ardennes. At Bertrix, where they spent one night, "had supper, bed, breakfast, and sandwiches for lunch, all very good, for the modest sum of 2s. 6d. each. Thence through Neufchateau, Morhet, and Bastogne, to Houffalize, a lovely spot at the foot of a deep valley, quite surrounded by the pine-covered hills." From Houffalize through Bovigny to Coo, finishing the bicycle tour at Liège. Thence to Brussels. "We were away just a fortnight, and our total expenses, including return tickets from London to Namur, and carriage of our bicycles, amounted to £7 each."

At a distance from Railway

ONE writer urges, for economy, the selection of places at a distance from railway stations, and gives the following instances:

A farm-house, standing alone on the Yorkshire coast; one sitting-room, three large bedrooms, cooking and attendance, for £2 2s. 6d. a week. About seven miles from railway.

Comfortable house on Welsh coast; one sitting-room, two large bedrooms and one small, cooking and attendance, for £2 a week. About sixteen miles from railway.

Small farm-house near Balmoral Castle. One sitting-room and one bedroom, cooking and attendance, for £1 a week. About ten miles from railway.

In Norway

STEAMER from Leith. Visited Stavanger, Suldal Lake, Odde, Bergen, Molde; had drives on land, through the Naerodal. Steamer, including board, cost £8 10s. Trips on land extra. Total cost about £12.

At Allonby

A FISHING village on the Cumbrian coast. Across the Solway are to be seen the hills of Scotland. Vegetables, fruit, flowers are plentiful and cheap. Nothing is dear at Allonby. Bull Gill is the nearest station on the Maryport and Carlisle Railway, 3½ miles distant. A cottage, containing sitting-room-kitchen, a bedroom with two single beds, scullery and coal, for eight weeks at 15s. a week. Good cycling roads in the neighbourhood.

In the Lake District

FOUR girls on a walking tour for a week. Starting from Grange in Borrowdale, over Black Sail and Scarf Gap. Stayed night at farm-house of Bowderdale near Wastwater. Second day, by Burn Moor Tarn and Eskdale to Ulpha Inn. Third day, Vale of Duddon to Coniston (Temperance Hotel). Fourth day,

How to Spend a Summer Holiday

arrived at Elterwater, but no rooms were available. Went on to Chapel Style among the Langdales, fifteen minutes' walk further. There spent Sunday. Sixth day (Monday), through Grasmere and by Thirlmere to Dale Head. Seventh day, walked to Keswick. Total cost for the four was about £5.

At Haslemere, Surrey

A FAMILY of eight—two parents and six young people, aged from ten to nineteen. Reside at the seaside, and choose this inland place for holiday. Apartments cost £4 4s. a week. The writer (a mother) recommends serge for everyday wear, the old skirts being turned for holiday time; cotton and pilot-cloth blouses and sailor hats. "For those who love true English scenery, natural history, botany and keen pure air, few places can offer a better field for enjoyment."

In North Wales

COMMENCING with Chester, enjoyed the Sunday services in the Cathedral. Thence to Llangollen. Then towed in a barge on the canal to the river Dee. Walked along its bank to Glyndyfrdwy. Train from here to Bala. From Bala by road to Barmouth. Here spent remainder of holiday. "No better centre could be imagined." Total cost of fortnight's holiday (board, railway fares, etc.), £6 for each person.

In North Devonshire

ILFRACOMBE as head-quarters. Excursions: Drives from Ilfracombe to Lynton, to Woolacombe, Watermouth Caves. Sea-trips to Lynmouth and Clovelly. Total cost, £12 for a fortnight's holiday for two persons.

At Spittal-on-Tweed

NEAR Berwick. Excursions to Lindisfarne, Horncliffe Dene, Norham, Berwick Castle. Rooms from 10s. to £1 each weekly. A six-roomed house, furnished, may be had for £2 10s. a week, or with attendance £3.

At Trefriw, Caernarvonshire

TREFRIW a charming village about two miles from Llanrwst. Boarding-house, 27s. a week for board and lodging. Food excellent and plentiful. Excursions to Gwdyr Castle, Bettws-y-coed, Crafnant Lake, Swallow Falls; sail down the Conway to Deganwy. Total cost of a week's holiday from Manchester £3 0s. 11d.

At Macroom, Co. Cork

PLYMOUTH to Cork by steamer. From Cork by train to Macroom. Next day, coach to Gongane-Barra and back. Excursions in neighbourhood of Macroom. Good fishing. Total cost from Plymouth £7 19s.

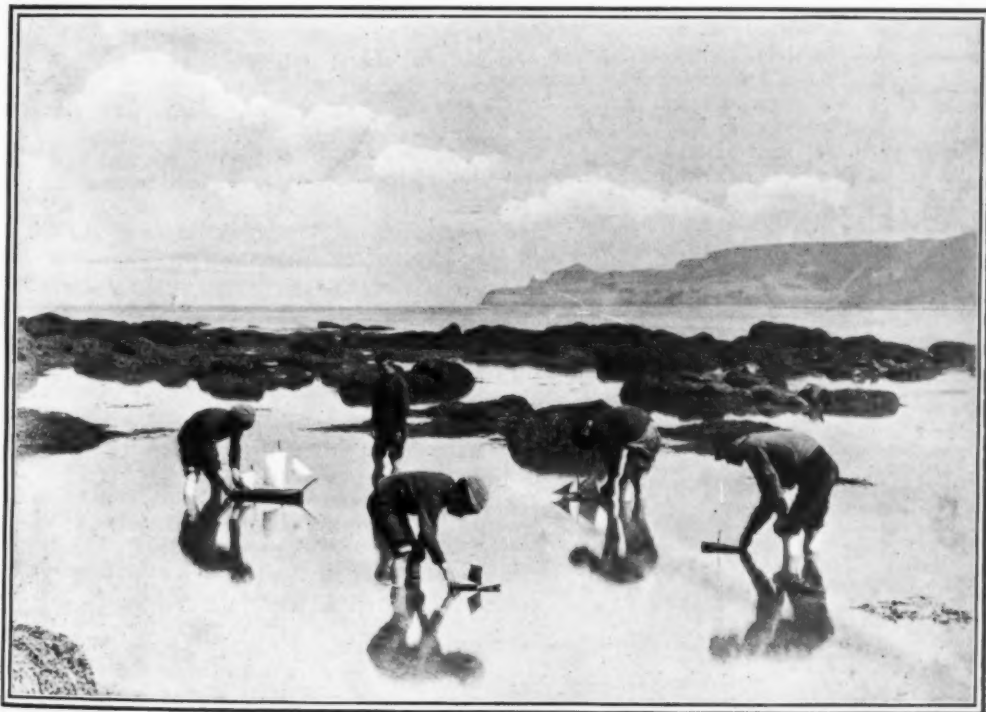


Photo by W. F. Piggott

An Old Prayer-Book

IT is so often said that no modern prayers can be compared in beauty and dignity of language with those of our Book of Common Prayer, that the discovery of a collection intended for private use printed at the end of an Elizabethan Prayer-Book may be of some interest. The Prayer-Book in question is prefixed to a copy of the Breeches Bible and printed in black letter. Through the destructive greed of collectors it has lost its title-page, and so has the Old Testament, but fortunately that of the New Testament has escaped, and we see from this that the book was "Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, printer to the Queene's Maiestie, 1579." This title-page is elaborately ornamented with woodcuts and has the royal arms at the top, flanked by two emblematic female figures, one bearing a sword and balance, but not blindfolded, and the other with a book in one hand and a spray of flowers resembling pansies in the other. These may possibly be intended to represent the temporal and spiritual power. Down the sides are groups of fruit, while a crowned lion and a winged dragon adorn the foot of the page.

The Prayer-Book in itself is extremely interesting. It has lost the first pages of its Calendar and begins with March. The Red Letter days are printed in colour. It has also all the Black Letter saints' days, and at the foot there are notes which fix other dates of very varied descriptions in the most positive manner. We are told, on

April 1.—"In this first day Noah opened the cover of the Arke."

April 6.—"Joshua and the Jewes camped before Jordan the space of three dayes."

May 15.—"As upon this day the Jewes kept their Whitsontide, and also as upon the same day God sent the Jewes quailles for their foode."

June 6.—"The Temple of Diana in Ephesus, which amongst all Panims' Temples was the most magnificent and renowned, as upon this day was consumed with fire liiii yeeres before the Natiuitie of Jesus Christ."

June 25.—"As on this day was the conflict at Mersbrough betweene the Emperour Henrie the Fourth and Rodolf duke of Suevia, stickled forth by the Pope—Anno 1080."

July 15.—"About this time the Great Sweat began in England—Anno 1551."

July 23.—"As on this day, Pope Alexander the third trode upon Fredericke Barbarossa the Emperour."

September 7.—"Our Soueraigne Ladye Queene

Elizabeth" (printed in red letters) "was borne as upon this day at Greenwich—Anno 1532."

October 31.—"This day in the yeere of our Lord God 1517, and ci yeeres after ye death of John Hus, Martin Luther gave his propositions in the Uniuersitie of Witemberg against the Pope's pardons."

November 17.—"As upon this day, began our most Soueraigne Ladye, Queene Elizabeth, to reigne over us—Anno 1558—whom we beseech God long to continue in that gouernement."

Immediately following the Calendar comes the Order for Morning Prayer, which is exactly the same as in our version up to the third Collect "for Grace," where it ends. It contains one extra rubric before the first lesson:

"And (to the end the people may the better heare) in such places where they doe sing, there shall the lessons be sung in a playne tune, after the manner of distinct readyng: and likewyse the Epistle and Gospell."

The Order for Evening Prayer, the "Letanie," and a few of the occasional prayers follow: "For rayne, if the tyme require," "For Fayre Weather," "In the tyme of dearth and famine," "In the tyme of warre," "In the tyme of any common plague or sickness," and "O God, whose nature and propertie." There are no thanksgivings.

In the Office for Holy Communion the expression "God's boord" is used in the place of "Lord's Table." In the Marriage Service there is a rubric before the first address which directs:

"Then shal beginne the Communion. And after the Gospell shall be saide a Sermon, wherein ordinarily so oft as there is any mariage, the office of man and wife shall be declared according to Holy Scripture. Or if there be no Sermon, the Minister shall reade this that followeth."

At the conclusion of the address there is another rubric: "The newe married persons (the same daye of their mariage) must receiue the Holy Communion."

These are the only variations that I can find from our version of the Book of Common Prayer except in an occasional word, and in the invariable use of the term "Minister" throughout the book. It does not contain the Ordering of Priests and Deacons or the Consecration of Bishops.

At the end of the book, after the Psalter, comes the collection of prayers for private use, of which some, especially "Certaine

Godly Prayers for sundry daies," are well worthy to be known and used in these later times. They are arranged for the days of the week, two prayers being allotted to Saturday, of which the second is, to my mind, the finest of all:—

"O Merciful God, our onely ayde, succour and strength at al times: graunt unto us, O Lorde, that in the time of prosperitie wee be not proud, and so forget thee, but that with our whole heart and strength we may cleave unto thee; and in the time of aduersitie that we fall not into infidelitie and desperation, but that alwayes with a constant fayth, we may call for helpe unto thee: graunt this, O Lorde, for our aduocate's sake, and Sauour Jesus Christ. Amen."

Then comes "A Prayer for Trust in God," which so closely follows both in thought and language the *Theologia Germanica*, that one feels sure the author must have studied that deeply mystical book of devotion, which in his day must have been pretty widely known through Luther's translation.

"A Prayer for Trust in God."

"The beginning of the fal of man, was trust in him selfe. The beginning of the restoring of man, was distrust in him selfe, and trust in God. O most gracious and most wise guyde, our Sauour

Christe, which doest leade them the right way to immortall blessednesse, which truly and unfaynedly trusting in thee, commit them selues to thee: Graunt us, that lyke as wee bee blynde and feeble in deede, so we may take and repute ourselues, that wee presume not of our selues to see to our selues, but so farre to see, that alway wee may have thee before our eyes, to follow thee, being our guyde, to be readie at thy call most obediently, and to commit our selues wholly unto thee, that thou which only knowest the waye, mayest leade us the same way unto our heauenly desires: to thee with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be glory for euer. Amen."

After this follow several very long prayers, "A General Confession of Sinnes," "A Prayer against Temptation," "A Prayer for the obtaining of wisdom," etc., but I will limit my choice to a short one:—

"Against Worldly Carefulness."

"O Most deare and tender Father, our defender and nourisher, endue us with thy grace, that we may cast off the great blindness of our mindes, and carefulnes of worldly thinges, and may put our whole study and care in keeping of thy holy lawe, and that we may labour and trauaile for our necessities in this life, like the byrdes of the ayre, and the lilyes of the field, without care. For thou hast promised to be carefull for us, and hast commanded that upon thee we shoulde cast all our care: which liuest and raigest worlde without ende. Amen."

F. C. BEAMES.

Over=Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

King Edward's Visit to Italy

THE sudden and unexpected decision of King Edward to visit the Italian sovereign has represented a great disappointment for the Vatican, where they had always in the past rejoiced over the fact that since the fall of the Temporal Power no British sovereign had come to the Eternal City as guest of the House of Savoy. They had taken advantage of the condition of Queen Victoria's health, which, on her last journey to Italy, did not permit her to go further south than Florence, and of conventional, complimentary letters exchanged by her with Leo XIII. on certain anniversaries, to represent the late British sovereign as a sympathiser with the so-called prisoner at the Vatican, and therefore reluctant to displease him by going to Rome and staying at the Quirinal. Edward VII. seems to have wished to destroy this legend from the very beginning of his reign, and that is why his visit has been

greeted with an explosion of enthusiasm, from the Alps to Sicily, by all true Italians, who have seen in his presence in the Eternal City beside the grandson of the founder of United Italy, a confirmation of that identity of aspiration, through which England was such a great support to the Italians struggling for their independence. Cardinal Rampolla had, however, to make *bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, there being no way in his power to change the decision of the English king.

For twenty-two years the Holy See has prevented the Emperor of Austria from returning, in Rome, the visit paid by King Humbert to Vienna in 1881, by threatening the Hapsburg monarch with excommunication. When the King of Portugal, in 1899, started to pay a visit to his uncle, King Humbert, in Rome, he was stopped in Paris by an intimation from the Holy See, that if he dared to continue his plan, the Clerical Portuguese Party would join the Republicans and overthrow the

Over-Sea Notes

Monarchy. Nothing of the kind could be even tried with the King of England, so that all the ability, subtlety and suppleness of Vatican diplomacy was employed in finding the most acceptable way by which the King might be induced to meet the Pontiff. To reach this aim they went so far as to declare themselves ready to waive certain points of etiquette and ceremonial, which had been raised to questions of State. From people who intimately know all the inside affairs of the Vatican, it is understood that they dread even the possibility of a conflict with England, as it is from British Roman Catholic subjects that the budget of the Vatican receives the largest share of money to keep up the costly and complicated machinery of the Roman Catholic Church.—s. c.

Old Age Pensions in Victoria, Australia

IN the judgment of impartial critics, the working of the Old Age Pensions Act here is not giving the satisfaction that was anticipated. When this measure was first proposed, it was felt that there were men in this country who deserved well of the State for their past services, and it was with the object of benefiting these that the measure ultimately obtained Parliamentary sanction and came into force. These men had been the pioneers of the country in the early days.

But through bad seasons and the difficulties incidental to a new country, the pioneer farmer had come to want. It was felt that the State must not leave such men to starve. It must also not neglect their wives, for in numberless cases they had been as heroic as the men, toiling by their side to make homes in the wilderness.

The maximum pension was originally fixed at ten shillings per week, but it was soon reduced to eight shillings, owing to the heavy drain upon the public purse. In addition to being a money grant, it was felt that it must not be a mere workhouse-given dole, but a real pension, for which a man could apply without loss of dignity, and claim on showing that he had done his share in strengthening the State, but was now, through old age and loss of friends, in need.

The usual thing happened. In too many cases, the necessitous were elbowed out by those who always rush when money is being disbursed. The poor but proud stayed at home.

Then the lists had to be severely revised under the eye of the police, and applicants were eventually compelled to appear in open court, and the search-light of inquiry began to play on every case. Result: the deserving poor stay

at home still more, and the uncomfortable feeling still exists that the right sort of people are not getting the benefit.

There is a further unpleasant feature. Discoveries were very soon made that sons and daughters fully able to help their aged parents were palming them off upon the State. Well-to-do people have been compelled by a magistrate's order to do something, rather than do it voluntarily. There must be something wrong when men like these must be whipped up to the police court, and will even then, with a lawyer's help, do their utmost to escape their just filial responsibilities. Yet so it is.

Altogether we are presenting an object lesson to other people that we do not relish.—A. J. W.

Bible Burning in Fiji

THE Methodist Church, and in fact all Christian people throughout Australasia, have been most surprised and indignant at the news of Bible burning in Fiji.

Father Rougier, the head of the Fijian Roman Catholic Mission, declares that it is a practice of the Catholic Church that all material of a sacred character appertaining to church worship, such as missals, altar linen and vestments, blessed crucifixes and sacred pictures, Prayer-books, Bibles, etc., when worn out and past use shall be destroyed by fire, and it is through following this rule that the Bibles got burnt, for they were torn and useless.

It was on Thursday, February 12, that the Bibles had been burnt in a coral lime kiln at Nihililili, Rewa, and, according to the cables, there were over 200 Bibles—or Testaments—and hymn-books. The Bibles were those which the Methodist Mission had translated into the Namosi language, and the hymn-books contained the Methodist hymns also translated into Fijian.

Native girls tore up the books and thrust them into the kiln under the direction of two European Sisters. The native onlookers say that they were told by the Sisters that they were Protestant Bibles from Namosi they were burning.

Father Rougier declares that they were torn, dirty, and useless books, and were exchanged by the natives for Roman Catholic books. This has not yet been proved, but certainly the Bibles were deliberately and publicly burned, in full view of, and assisted by, native Fijians; and Australians, but especially the Methodist Church, are justly indignant that such a thing could happen.—AURIHI PEKA.

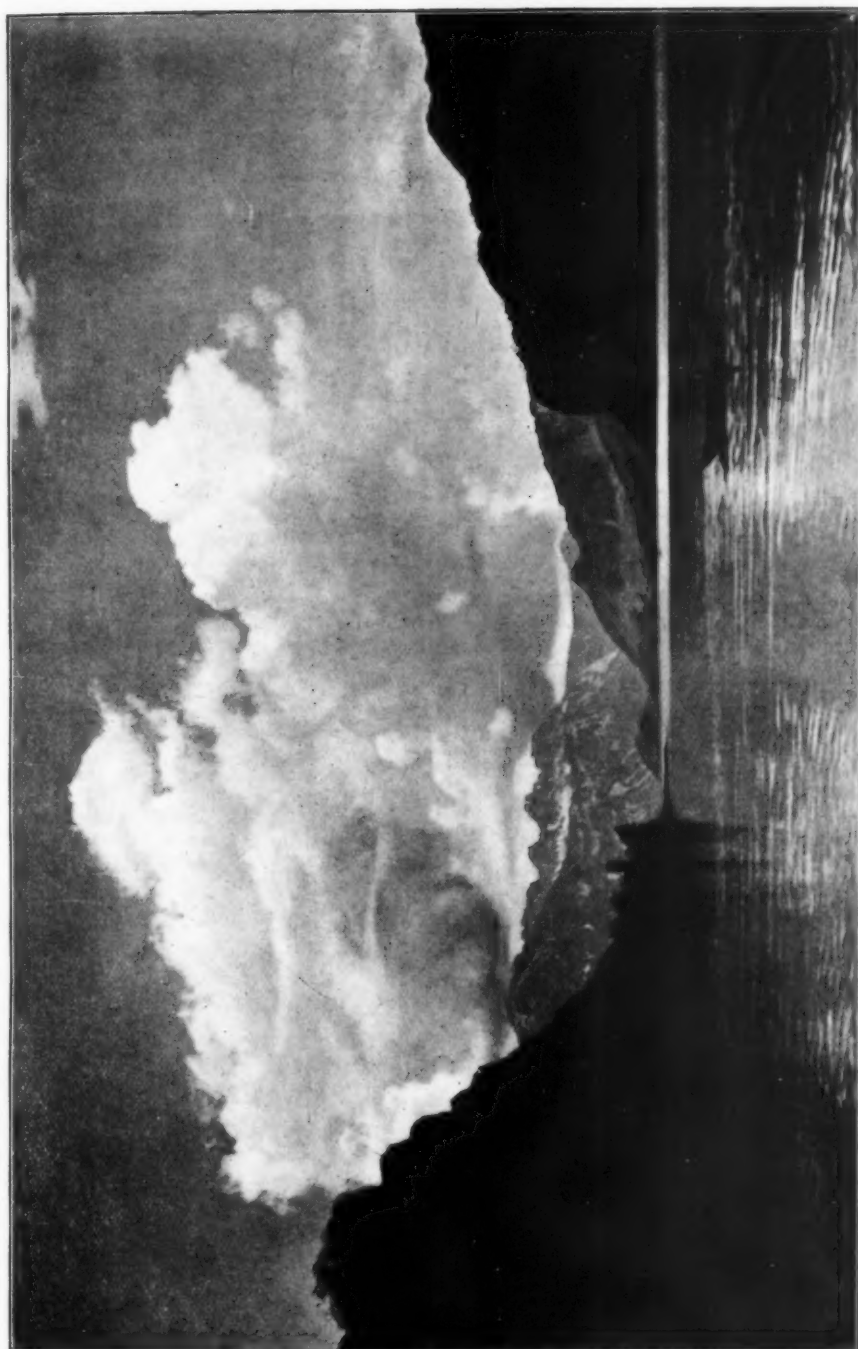


Photo by G. R. Ballance

EVENING CLOUDS, WALLENSSEE

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

The Perpetual Energy of Radium

It is an axiom of scientific theory that you cannot create energy any more than you can add or destroy a single atom of matter in the universe. If light or heat are being given out in any way, energy is being expended to produce it, and the same is true of other effects. Recently, however, it has been found that the element radium, which has been the subject of several notes in these columns (see November 1902), is a spontaneous producer of light, heat, and electricity; in other words it continually produces luminous, thermal, and electrical effects without using up energy capable of being measured. Unlike ordinary phosphorescent substances, which only shine after exposure to light, radium is luminous over its whole mass, and the luminosity does not diminish at any time. Moreover, radium salts are found to give off heat continuously without any chemical change such as occurs in ordinary combustion; and the amount of heat is sufficient to keep the temperature of the radium salts nearly three degrees above that of their surroundings. It is impossible yet to state positively the source of the perpetual energy manifested by the extraordinary properties of radium, but one view is that the new element absorbs energy from the hypothetical ether which exists everywhere and transforms it into rays of light, heat or electricity. Whatever the explanation may be, we have the fact that radium salts perpetually produce sufficient light to be readily observed in semi-darkness, heat enough to be appreciably warmer than other objects near them, rays which have an energetic action upon photographic plates and by which radiographs can be taken, and emissions which blister the skin and produce other remarkable physiological effects. It is perhaps fortunate that the new element is probably the rarest in the universe. Pitchblende, from which radium is obtained, is comparatively rare, and only about one and a half grains of a radium salt can be extracted from a ton of pitchblende ore.

The Nernst Electric Light

SEVERAL years ago it was announced in these columns that Prof. Nernst had invented an electric lamp which promised to be a great advance in electric lighting. The lamp has now emerged from the laboratory stage, and its performance is so satisfactory that its use is rapidly extending. In an ordinary glow lamp there is a fine filament of carbon which is rendered incandescent by the passage of the electric current through it. The filament is in a vacuum and is somewhat fragile, so that immediately a fracture occurs the whole lamp is rendered useless. The arc lamps used for street

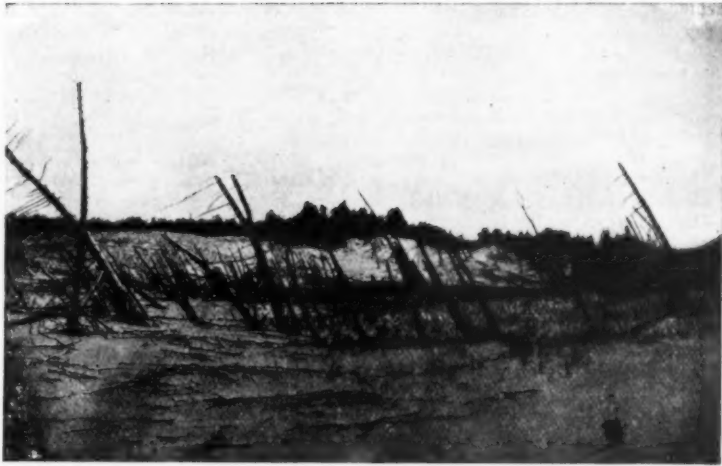
lighting are not enclosed in a vacuum, but the carbon rods between which the electric arc passes often get out of adjustment or burn irregularly, causing unpleasant spluttering and loss of light. The Nernst lamp has not these disadvantages and does not require a vacuum. It consists fundamentally of a rod called a glower, made of a mixture of oxides similar to those used in the manufacture of Welsbach gas-mantles. When this rod is once heated, it can be kept white-hot by the passage of the electric current through it. One form of the lamp is shown in the accompanying illustration. When the lamp is fixed and the current switched on, the electricity first passes through the spiral coil shown, the result being that the spiral gets hot and heats the rod around which it is wound. As soon as this occurs, the electricity passes through the rod alone and renders it incandescent, while the spiral cools down. The lamps are made in candle-powers from fifty to two thousand, and the light they give is perfectly steady and entirely free from the flicker frequently seen in arc lamps. No other kind of electric light has this range of candle-power or can be worked so economically as the Nernst lamp.



NERNST ELECTRIC LAMP

Drifting Sands

SHIFTING sand dunes are found around most sea and lake coasts which are not rocky, and also in arid regions in the interior. On the western border of Europe, blown sand occupies nearly half the coast from the Pyrenees to the Baltic, and it advances at the rate of three to twenty-four feet per annum. Fertile fields and houses of once populous districts have been buried by these advancing dunes. Streams have been turned from their courses, and whole regions turned into sandy wastes. In North America, on the shores of Lake Michigan, the dunes reach a height of 100 to 200 feet, and swamps, forests and even low hills are buried by the onward march of the sand driven by the wind. The accompanying illustration, from a report prepared by Mr. J. S. Diller for the United States Geographical Survey, shows the remains of a forest which was once entombed by this sand and has now been exposed again. Such devastation can sometimes be averted by planting grass to hold the sand, and trees to break the wind. In Gascony, on the south-west coast of France, where the dunes are very large, the

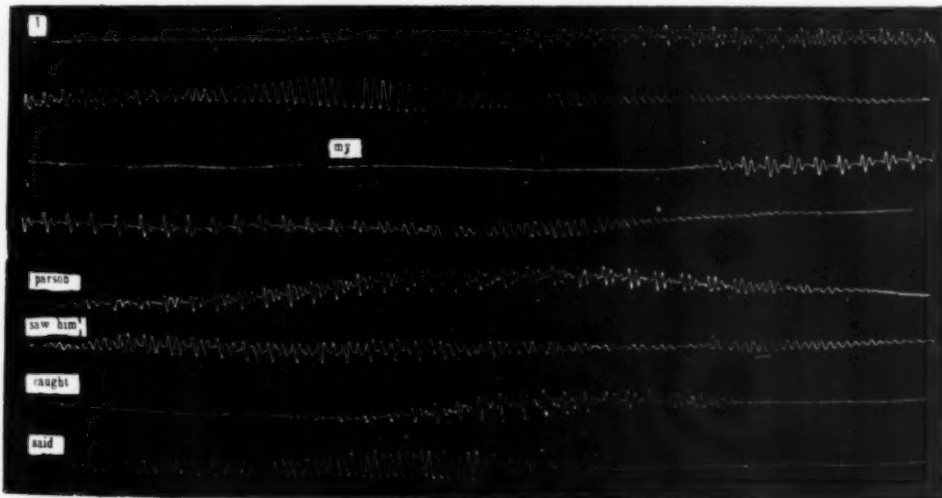


FOREST FORMERLY BURIED BENEATH DRIFTING SAND, AND NOW UNCOVERED

advance of the sand has been checked by planting and growing pines, but around Lake Michigan pines, oaks and maples are destroyed by the sand-blast long before they are completely buried, and may be uncovered later, as the dune passes on beyond. Vegetation appears, indeed, to be unable to capture a rapidly moving dune, for though many plants can grow on their slopes, they do not succeed in stopping the onward movement of the sand.

Scientific Uses of Phonographs

THE phonograph and gramophone are mostly regarded as amusing toys, but they are likely to prove of great service to science. Races



PHONETIC RECORDS OF WORDS FROM COCK ROBIN

Science and Discovery

which are fast disappearing before the march of civilisation can have their speeches and songs preserved, and posterity will find it an advantage to know the dialects and pronunciation of languages in use at the present time. The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna has established a bureau for collecting and preserving records of this kind, and has already sent out several expeditions with a standard phonograph to obtain them. Metal casts are made of the records, so that they can be kept almost indefinitely without change. Another use to which records of phonographs or gramophones can be put is the analysis of the indentations on them. For instance, the accompanying illustration, from a paper by Prof. E. W. Scripture, represents part of the words of *Cock Robin*, and have been reproduced from a gramophone record. Each line represents a duration of a little less than one-third of a second, so that the whole of the lines here shown would be spoken in nearly two seconds. It will be noticed that each sound has a characteristic kind of curve, hence these forms are actual styles of phonetic writing.

Sun-Spots and Weather

THE appearance of a large spot on the sun at the end of March led to the publication of articles in the daily press suggesting that abnormal weather might be expected as a consequence of the revival of solar activity. Whatever connexion exists between solar and terrestrial meteorology, it is certain that no simple relation between sun-spots and weather has yet been discovered, though it has often been sought. Sun-spots wax and wane in a cycle of eleven years and a month, and the tremors of magnetic needles on the earth increase and decrease in extent in exactly the same period. In this case there is perfect sympathy between the two effects; and now that sun-spots are beginning to appear again, after a long-protracted minimum epoch, we can be sure that there will be a revival of the activity of magnetic needles. But nothing of the kind can be predicted of any factor of weather, whether it is temperature, pressure, rainfall, sunshine, or cloud; so meteorologists leave sun-spots out of consideration when making their forecasts. Recent researches have enabled Sir Norman Lockyer and Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer to establish a connexion between barometric pressure and the position of the flames or prominences which can often be seen around the edge of the sun by suitable instruments, but this relation is only true of certain parts of the earth, and scientific discrimination is required to discover it from the observations.

In connexion with this subject, reference may here be made to a letter and newspaper cutting received from Mr. R. W. O. Kestel, Port Adelaide, South Australia, upon possible effects of volcanic eruptions on climate. Mr. Kestel holds that great eruptions intensify atmospheric circulation and are followed by severe winters. He

refers to the West Indian eruptions as "being followed by a severe winter in Europe," but unfortunately for the theory the winter just passed in England ranks as one of the foremost for its general mildness.

A New Star

AT the end of March, Prof. Turner of Oxford announced the discovery of a new star in the constellation Gemini. The star was then invisible to the naked eye, but it is none the less interesting to astronomers, and it may brighten very considerably. It may seem difficult to be able to discover when a new point of light appears among the host which shine upon the background of space, but all an astronomer has to do if he suspects a star to be new which he has observed or photographed, is to look up star charts or previous photographs and see whether the object appears upon them. If not, the object is a new star or one of the minor planets; and in the latter case it can be distinguished by its motion among the stars. The new star discovered in the constellation of Perseus in 1901 was of a very remarkable character, and as it declined in brightness an extensive irregular area of nebulous material was found in the part of the heavens in which the star had appeared. This luminous area increased in size very rapidly, and the conclusion arrived at by astronomers was that the apparent expansion was really due to the light of the new star travelling through space and illuminating the cosmic dust in its path. The star thus gave evidence of the existence in space of great clouds of dark material, so that there are dark nebulae as well as dark stars.

The Origin of the Arab Horse

PROFESSOR RIDGEWAY has recently brought before the Cambridge Philosophical Society some new suggestions as to the origin of the thoroughbred type of horse. Historical records show that all ancient peoples—Egyptians, Canaanites, Assyrians, Aryans, Homeric Greeks and Celts—drove the horse before they rode him. The cart horses of the Continent and our own islands have been derived from that stock. The thoroughbred horse is generally believed to have come from Arabia, but Professor Ridgeway states that this is a baseless assumption. In the Old Testament the Arabs are never mentioned as riding anything but camels and asses. Even Job did not own a single horse, his equine possessions consisting of five hundred she-asses. Down to the Christian era the Arabs bred no horses; and they did not own a good steed until they had become masters of North Africa and the Barbary horses. The Barbary horse, from which all the fine horses of the world have sprung, appears to have been derived either from the zebra of north-east Africa, or from some allied species. North Africa, therefore, and not Arabia or any other part of Asia, is the original home of the thoroughbred.

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By W. MOLLER.

Translated from the German by C. H. Irwin, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

This is an attempt to meet the Higher Critics on their own ground. It is chiefly directed against the theories of Graf and Wellhausen. It shows that, on the principles of the Higher Criticism itself, a different date must be assigned to the Pentateuch from that which the Critics give to it.

It is sometimes thought that German theologians have universally accepted the conclusions of the Higher Criticism. This book affords an evidence to the contrary.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON.

Varieties

Character and Genius

"I HAVE seen more young men fail in early life from the absence of character than from the absence of genius."—Bishop Westcott (*Life, by his Son*. Macmillan and Co.).

A Motto for a House

"I HOPE that you may have followed the old fashion of putting a motto over the door of your new home. Psalm cxxi. 8, interpreted by John x. 9, is a promise for work and for rest."—From a letter of Bishop Westcott (*Life, by his Son*).

How Parliament is formed

"TO-DAY we have the edifying spectacle of the formation of the British Parliament by omnibuses, ribbons, and placards. The voters are merely appendages."—From a letter of Bishop Westcott (*Life, by his Son*).

The Habit of Reading

WRITING in 1821 to his son Walter, then a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, Sir Walter Scott says: "I wish I heard of you giving some part of the day to useful reading; that is a habit as well as other habits, and may be acquired or lost, and when it is lost, a man cannot escape being a trifler for his whole life."—*Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*.

Hume on Shakespeare

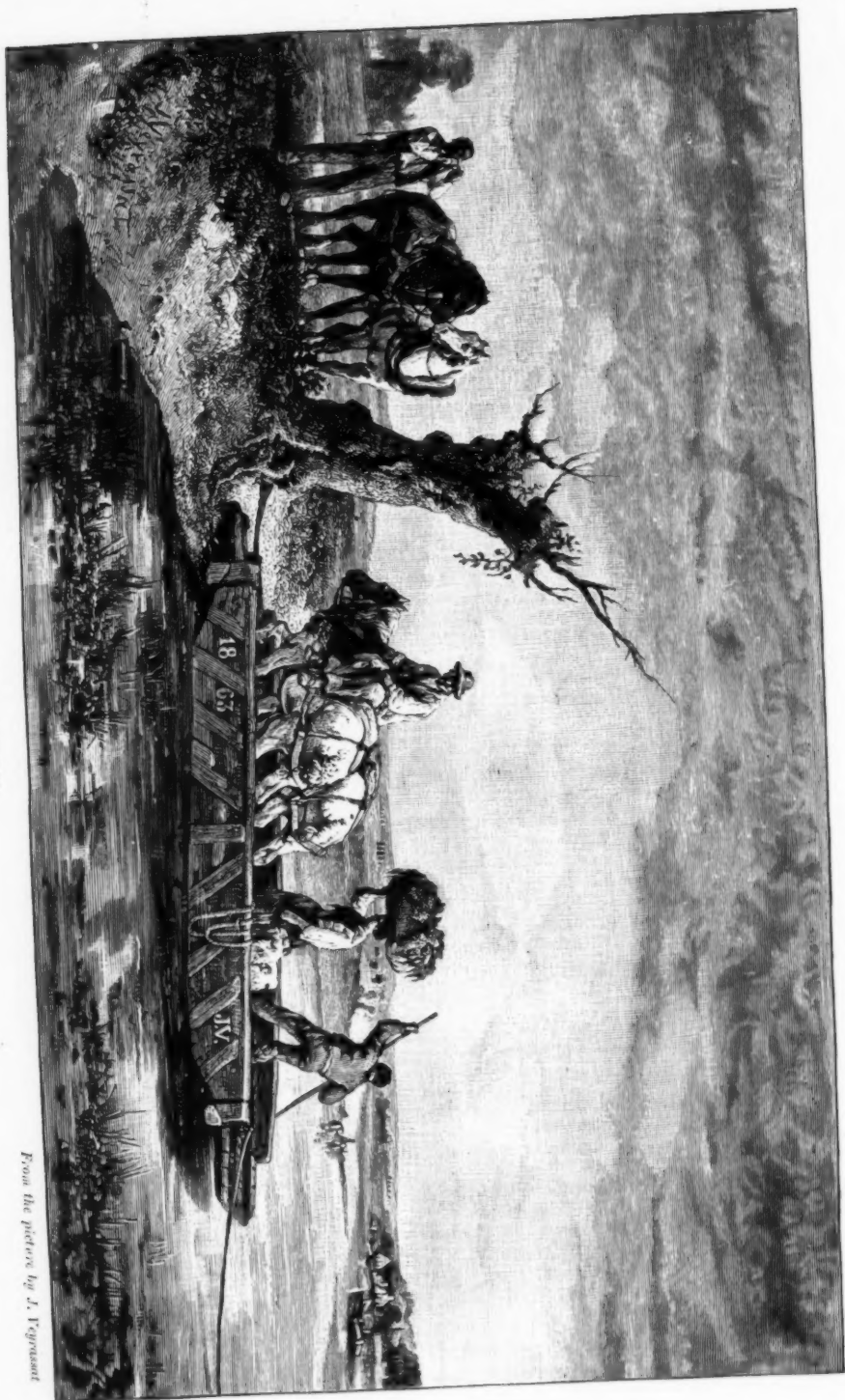
THE following passage from Hume's *History of England* is in amusing contrast to the judgments of later times:—"If Shakespeare be considered as a MAN, born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction, either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy: if represented as a POET, capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy. In his compositions, we regret, that many irregularities, and even absurdities, should so frequently disfigure the animated and passionate scenes intermixed with them; and at the same time, we perhaps admire the more those beauties, on account of their being surrounded with such deformities. A striking peculiarity of sentiment, adapted to a single character, he frequently hits, as it were, by inspiration; but a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold. Nervous and picturesque expressions as well as descriptions abound in him; but it is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction. His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet, as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse, than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions, and which gives way only by intervals to irradiations of genius. A great and fertile genius he certainly possessed, and one enriched equally with a tragic and a comic

vein; but he ought to be cited as a proof, how dangerous it is to rely on these advantages alone for attaining an excellence in the finer arts. And there may even remain a suspicion that we overrate, if possible, the greatness of his genius; in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic on account of their being disproportioned and misshapen."

Astronomical Notes for June

ON the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 3h. 52m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 4m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 46m., and sets at 8h. 13m.; and on the 21st he rises at 3h. 45m., and sets at 8h. 18m. He will be vertical over the tropic of Cancer about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd, which will therefore be the day of the summer solstice, when the days are at their longest, in the northern hemisphere, and of the winter solstice, when they are at their shortest, in the southern hemisphere. The Moon will be in her First Quarter at 1h. 24m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 2nd; become Full at 3h. 8m. on the morning of the 10th; be in her Last Quarter at 6h. 44m. on that of the 18th; and become New at 6h. 11m. on that of the 25th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. No eclipses are due this month, and the only phenomenon we need mention is an occultation of Alpha Canori (a star of about the fourth magnitude) on the evening of the 27th; the star will disappear behind the dark limb of the Moon (of which only a small crescent will be visible very low in the heavens) at 9h. 28m., but before it reappears at the bright limb, the Moon and star will have set in this country. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 3rd, and at greatest western elongation from him on the 28th, so that he will be visible in the morning during the latter part of the month, situated in the constellation Taurus, and passing very near the bright star Aldebaran on the 21st. Venus continues to increase in brilliancy as an evening star, setting more than two hours after the Sun; at the beginning of the month she is near the bright star Pollux in the constellation Gemini, and afterwards traverses the small constellation Cancer, entering Leo towards the end of the month. Mars is in the western part of the constellation Virgo, and moving slowly in a direction slightly to the south of east; at the end of the month he will set very soon after midnight. Jupiter rises earlier each morning, a little before midnight at the end of the month; he is in the constellation Pisces, in which there are but few conspicuous stars, and will be near the Moon on the morning of the 18th. Saturn is in the western part of the constellation Aquarius; he will be due south at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, and at 3 o'clock on that of the 19th.

W. T. LYNN.



THE FERRY

From the picture by J. Vignani



IDENTIFICATIONS

(Characters from Thackeray.)

1. "I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find *this one ruling the roast.*"

2. "At the court balls, whether *he* appeared in his uniform of the Scotch Archers, or in his native Glenlivet tartan, there certainly was not in his own or the public estimation a handsomer young nobleman."

3. "*She* looked as happy as a rose-tree in sunshine."

4. "I'll be my own second, if no one will stand by and see *me* injured."

5. "Drawing the instrument from his pocket, *he* accompanied his sister, in the most ravishing manner, on a little gold and jewelled harp of the kind peculiar to his nation."

6. "*She* . . . was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted."

7. "Bon voyage, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring *you* into mischief."

8. "The good old lady admired the word gentleman of all others in the English vocabulary, and made all around her feel that such was *her* rank."

9. "*He* marched up with the lowest form, a giant amongst them, with his downcast, stupefied look, his dog-eared primer, and his tight corduroys."

10. "It was only from her French being so good, that you could know *she* was not a born woman of fashion."

11. "*He* bragged about his Lordship to his daughters. He fell down prostrate and basked in him as a Neapolitan beggar does in the sun."

12. "*She* had ear-rings like chandeliers; you might have lighted 'em up, by Jove—and a yellow satin train that streeled after her like the tail of a comet."

A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the first paper identifying these characters, taken from six different sources—which must be named.

MISSING WORD ACROSTIC

1. "He proposed seven times, once in a hackney-coach, once in a boat, once in a pew, once on a — at Tunbridge Wells, and the rest on his knees."

2. "He did nothing, but he looked — as few men other could have done."

3. "Delicately crooking the little finger of her favourite hand, and making her — neater by that neat action."

4. "Callers, looking steadily into the eyes of their —, pretended not to smell cooking three feet off."

5. "If she had few wrinkles it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other — on her face."

6. "They came for ounces of tea, and hundred-weights of —."

Give the six words omitted above (from one of Charles Dickens' books), and quote a sentence descriptive of the little heroine whose name their initials spell.

A prize of the value of Ten Shillings offered for the first correct answer.

Answers to characters from Jane Austen in April number:—1. Fanny Price, in *Mansfield Park*. 2. Mrs. Croft; 4. Sir Walter Elliot; and 6. Captain Harville, all in *Persuasion*. 3. Lady Middleton and Mrs. Dashwood; and 5. Sir John Middleton's son, all in *Sense and Sensibility*. The prize is sent to Comma, care of Mrs. METFORD, Elm Lane, Redland, Bristol.

Answers to Dickens Acrostic in April number:—1. Miss, ch. 71. 2. Intrigue, ch. 12. 3. Governor, ch. 8. 4. Gouty, ch. 26. 5. Sleep, ch. 30, all from *Barnaby Rudge*.

WHOLE.

MIGGS.—"This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to pattens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage." The prize is sent to Miss AMY SALMON, 14, Victoria Street, Norwich.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received:—ALICE GARDNER's *Conflict of Duties*, 7s. 6d., and E. E. STREET's *Philosopher in Portugal*, 5s., both from Fisher Unwin. ALFRED NOYES' *Flower of Old Japan*, Grant Richards, 5s. G. H. LORIMER's *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son*, Methuen, 6s. J. F. FRASER's *America at Work*, Cassell and Co., 6s. CHARLES DIXON's *Open-air Studies in Bird Life*, Charles Griffin and Co., 7s. 6d.)

The Conflict of Duties and other Essays, by Alice Gardner, Lecturer and Associate of Newnham College, is a book to be welcomed by all readers interested in religious and ethical questions—a book to possess. Almost all these papers were written to be read at Sunday afternoon meetings of a society of students of Newnham, with the aim of stimulating and directing their minds towards "the ways of reasonable living and the faithful quest of truth." They are the work of one who has had long experience of student life, and who has had many opportunities through reading,

On and after June 25, 1903 the new office of "The Leisure Hour" will be at 4 Bouverie St., Fleet St., London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

leisurely thinking and intercourse with other thinkers for considering the problems, religious and social, that press upon this generation. They do not profess to provide ready-made solutions of difficulties, but rather to suggest lines of thought. As the author puts it, "my business is not to convey passengers along the main road, but to point out a few directing-posts, and perhaps to caution against a few blind alleys." Some of the subjects dealt with (in addition to the title-paper) are the Religious Needs of the Intellectual Life, Sectarianism, Symbolism in Religion, Man's Responsibility for his Religious Beliefs, Truthfulness, The Grounds of Religious Liberty, and kindred topics. All are of real interest to thoughtful minds, and all are handled with remarkable freedom from platitude.

A Philosopher in Portugal gives us so little philosophy that we could wish for more Portugal. What there is of both ingredients is readable and set forth with all the pleasant leisureliness of large type, but to those who want full-coloured first impressions the book seems vague and slight and but an aftermath of the harvest gathered into the pages of Mr. Street's former book, *Portuguese Life in Town and Country*. The only illustration in the present volume (modestly called a diagram) serves to show how a Portuguese beggar who has from necessity to put a patch on one leg of his trousers, will from ornamental instinct place a similarly shaped patch on the other leg, with good artistic effect.

Whimsical, musical, and poetical to a haunting degree, Mr. Alfred Noyes' new book of minor verse is welcome to all whose fancies cannot live by facts alone. *The Flower of Old Japan* is pictured in a glowing mosaic of language—"a dim strange tale for all ages," the author calls it. Appealing first to the children, telling them of Wonder-Wander town where—

"When the sunset colours the streets
Every one buys at wonderful stalls
Toys and chocolates, guns and sweets,
Ivory pistols, and Persian shawls:
Every one's pockets are crammed with gold;
Nobody's heart is worn with care,
Nobody ever grows tired and old,
And nobody calls you 'Baby' there."

Older readers trace an allegory in the fairy tale of the children's search for the mystical flower (which we suppose symbolises happiness). Haunted by Creeping Sin, and meeting many adventures in their search, at last they reach the flower, to see it change into an English daisy, as they waken where they have been dreaming, by the nursery fire, to find that

"All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairy land."

America at Work should be read as a prelude to the *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son*, as each book seems to explain the other. In the first we have a series of articles contributed to *The York-shire Post* by a journalist who visited the States, to investigate for his paper various great industrial concerns, and to gain some idea of the essentials of industrial success. The book is packed with interesting facts and observations and well worth study. Here are some of the points noted.

"The manufacturers I met were, in business capabilities, infinitely superior to those in England. Let there be no mistake about that. They were awake. They had all the keenness of their brains focussed on their work. They knew all about the business from top to bottom. . . .

"Though the American is inclined to boast of his inventive faculty, the credit is really due to his unprejudiced adaptability.

"America lags behind the rest of the world in scientific attainments, in serious studies, in the production of work remarkable for its excellence rather than its quantity."

"The dry, bracing atmosphere of America that keeps a man at full stretch of his powers, as a half-bottle of champagne will do for a time, accounts for much. The American business man drinks neither beer, spirits, nor wine. One of the things that impressed me most when I have lunched with business men at clubs has been the absence of alcohol. . . . In the Westinghouse Electric Company. . . . I saw that the secret of the enormous output was due to four things: standardisation, labour-saving machinery, good pay to good workers, enthusiasm of the men."

In Mr. Lorimer's book the same national characteristics are notable in the self-made merchant who writes the letters, and whose satire, injunctions, criticism, praise, or warnings by turns shadow forth for us the character of the son he addresses. Our American Polonius is as epigrammatic as he of Denmark was prosy. The spirit of his advice may be world-old, but the form is modern and pointedly penetrating, for all its off-hand style. "I want you to keep in mind all the time that steady, quiet, persistent, plain work can't be imitated or replaced by anything just as good. . . . Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. . . . It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, but it's better to apply the rule to the living, and especially to the house which is paying your salary. . . . A manager can make rules, but he's the only man that can't afford to break them now and then. . . . a man can't do what he pleases in this world, because the higher he climbs the plainer people can see him," . . . and so on, some three hundred pages of such monosyllabic pithy writing—of which every sentence tells. The illustrations are capital and add to the humour they set forth.

The plan of Mr. Dixon's book on bird life commends itself at once. Each chapter is devoted to a different haunt of birds, so that whether we live among open fields, by sand and mudflats, on mountains, in towns, amongst the evergreens, by river, or sea-laved rocks—we have but to turn to the chapter under such a heading, to find a close description, in popular language, of the birds we may expect to find about us. Mr. Dixon has written many books of ornithology, without losing his readable yet close-packed style—and this new handbook must prove useful to any earnest student of what he rightly calls a very fascinating subject. Whether he tells us how he once counted no less than two hundred feathers in the lining of the nest of a Willow Warbler, or heard the English skylark in Algeria, or noticed that the Rock Pipit in St. Kilda steals horsehair to line its nest from the Puffin snares set on the cliffs, he is equally observant and interesting.

WOMENS INTERESTS

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY MATTERS.

N. O'R. (Bengal).—(1) You will have seen in a recent issue of *The Leisure Hour*, information regarding the Student's Text Book of Esperanto, which comprises Dictionary, Grammar, and Reading Book, and can be had post free from the office of the *Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, for 1s. 7½d. Letters regarding the book should be endorsed Esperanto, to prevent delay. I should think threepence would suffice for postage to India. The new language will appeal readily to the intelligence of Anglo-Indians, who know that Hindustani is also a fictitious language invented for the general convenience of tribes and races who could not otherwise have made themselves intelligible to each other. (2) Your complaint regarding your MSS. is only too well founded. Certain periodicals are very careless regarding other people's property, indeed I know of worse cases than yours, where the story sent in for consideration was simply annexed by some one, rewritten in a kind of way, and afterwards published in the periodical with a new title, the first writer receiving only insult when she indicated that the story was hers. One of the periodicals you mention I never heard of before, so its position cannot be very eminent. It is advisable to submit your work only to publications of recognised position, and, I should be disposed to say, to those that are long established. Stories of Eastern life are favourably regarded by *Chamberlain's Journal*, and there you will be treated with promptitude and courtesy. It would be well to get some stamps from England for return postage; some editors are good enough now and then to pay the postage on rejected MSS., but the general destination of the great unpaid is the wastepaper basket. If an addressed wrapper accompanies the MS. it is easy to enclose it, if unsuitable, in that, and send it back, while the omission of the wrapper involves more trouble than it is possible to take where every day brings multitudes of offered contributions. The chief difficulty in the literary life is that there are far more writers or would-be writers than the world has any need of. You had better avoid publications that have a semi-sentimental title; it is of them I have heard the worst reports.

Charity.—I think yours must be the story entitled "First Fruits," although you sign it with one name, your letter with another, give the above as a pseudonym, and attach no address to the MS. I beg to direct your attention to the fact that this is not business-like, that people must show more intelligence if they wish to handle successfully their own property. If I were a character reader I should say, not from your handwriting, but from this circumstance, that you are at least careless. Then you observe that stories and verses have been criticised in these pages, and thereupon without a word of apology you proceed to send me a book of 100,000 words, very badly type-written, almost illegible, punctuated as if you had shaken the commas from a pepper corn, smudged back and front with grease, the last pages torn off and pinned to the rest anyhow, and the whole wrapped in a publisher's return cover and tied with a nasty old string. You do not even say you will be grateful for the trouble which you expect me to take. As both your MS. and letter disposed me unfavourably

towards them and you, it is a tribute to the merit of the story that I read it nevertheless. The beginning of the story shocks, but it arrests attention. That a woman should make such a fuss about what is universal, and should pity herself so acutely for having to share the common lot, is not heroic, but it is very human. That, being not quite comfortable in her person and circumstances, she should straightway proceed to arraign the Deity and to challenge the laws of life is natural to a certain type of mind. This section, and the account of the voyage to India, read like fact, and fact that had been experienced, not merely observed. For so far the narrative possesses the interest and value of a genuine human document, indeed until Mr. Evelyn's death the story possesses many merits, with some defects, and one most curious piece of want of knowledge—that of the ways of publishers. That a writer should receive a large lump sum, sufficient to provide for the future of a female child, and an income in addition, for a first book which the publisher declares in a badly-written and ill-constructed letter to be but a mediocre production, is not true to anybody's experience, but when this gold mine proves later in the narrative to have had a very limited output, so limited that only two hundred copies of the book passed beyond the publisher's ken, the reader is constrained to observe with *Alice in Wonderland*, "Curiouser and curiouser." For the information of all readers interested in the literary life I will tell you what would happen in a case of the kind you indicate. The publisher, if he considered the book likely to prove salable, would either buy it outright for a small sum, say £50, or he would more probably offer a royalty on the sales. He would certainly not give both. The royalty would begin a year after the book had appeared. If it had sold say three hundred copies, the author would receive from £2 10s. to £4, according to the price of the volume and the royalty agreed upon, and the publisher would lose money, the cost of production not being covered by such sales. A sale of one thousand copies would give both publisher and author a small margin of profit. Wild dreams of the profits of literature drive myriads to misuse pen and ink, congest the market, bring misery to themselves when disappointed, and scarcely a great success nowadays to any one by honest means. The writer of what may be called "a rattling good story" will be able to sell it and others to succeed it; if she can write say a dozen rattling good stories of book length, and carefully invests the money they bring, in reliable securities paying a fair rate of interest, she will then be in the happy position of being able to take her ease in her own inn in modest independence, and choose the topics on which she shall write for the future. This is the ideal literary life, that for which all who feel assured of a gift or a mission should strive. When one book proves a success, that which follows it will bring a higher price. Stories which can be used for serial purposes command much more than those that answer only for issue in volume form. Many books not only bring their authors nothing, but actually put them to considerable outlay. The object and hope of many writers is to get a boom, in which case the kindest thing one can say is that they do not know how base and degrading a thing this often is, built up on reiterated falsehood, and exercised almost

Women's Interests

entirely for the pecuniary profit of the wire-puller. But this is a digression. The part of your story which follows Mr. Evelyn's death has evidently been added to make it of book length. It is quite a different story, and your heroine is an altogether different woman. In a biography the story of a romantic second marriage following a romantic first marriage would be interesting, as everything in life is interesting to the student of human nature. But art has limitations, and one is against a divided allegiance on the part of the leading characters in fiction. A poem, play, or story must only have one climax. This fact misleads those who look to fiction for guidance in the affairs of life, but it is an art axiom nevertheless. Your assumption that a book ought to have something to teach, and that one created merely to sell must be an immoral production, is quite correct; by such estimates the literary calling is dignified.

Miss Turle.—The poem in which the line you quote occurs was written by an American, a friend of the late Artemus Ward. Many years ago a number of young American literary men used to meet in the evenings in a club-house. Among these were John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Artemus Ward, William Ross Wallace, Thomas J. Leigh, and many others. One evening a discussion arose on the question, What is the most potent influence in the world? After various opinions had been advanced William Ross Wallace retired from the company, and after a time returned with the verses entitled "What Rules the World?" which he had just written, and which another of the company read aloud. Each verse ended with the lines:—

"And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

EDUCATIONAL.

French Student.—La Guilde Internationale of Paris offers probably the readiest facility for the acquisition of French by the foreigner. It is presided over by an English lady, who, however, is an *agréée* of the Paris University, and a professor in two of the public colleges. Large numbers of students, both French and English, are attached to the Guild. It is under official patronage, and the Inspector-General of Public Instruction conducts the examinations. The Guild has no residential section, but the Secretary undertakes to recommend apartments. Students belong to all standards, from elementary to very advanced. The terms correspond to the public school terms at home, and the fees are about £12 per annum, with entrance fee of £1. A special summer course for the month of July is available for students who are specialising in French at any of the English-speaking Universities. Address Miss Williams, 6, Rue de la Sorbonne, Paris.

Margretta.—Nursing probationers can only enter on a course of training at one of the hospitals by writing to the Matron, and applying for the first available vacancy. I heard lately of a girl who applied at a London hospital, and the Matron answered, "I will enter your name among the candidates if you wish, but the list already contains more than two thousand, all of whom must now precede you." The same condition prevails in all London hospitals. You see the training costs practically nothing, and calls for no preliminary educational qualification, hence its popularity, and hence also the fact that many apply for training who have no natural taste or aptitude for nursing. But most of these fall out, disheartened by waiting, or disappointed in the work when they attain it, so that the candidate's delay is not so long as might be feared in view of the list. The average time of waiting for nomination is two years. Accepted candidates must be twenty-five, or over, they must have good health and reliable references as to character. They will be taught all that is necessary, practically and by means of lectures while in training, and will have to pass a good many examinations before receiving their diploma. The time of training averages three years. A deaconess's training differs from that of a nurse; although the former learns nursing the qualifications of the two are not interchangeable.

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PRACTICAL.

Bother.—The effect of distempered walls in living rooms is so great that if people generally could see and realise it, distempered walls would be almost universal. The place where distemper is most frequently seen is just where it is least desirable—on the walls of passages and in halls. These, by reason of their general emptiness, ought to have decorated walls, but in living rooms, where the impression generally is of superfluity and overcrowding, the walls would generally be much better plain, and the carpets almost plain, the one having a frieze and the other a border. With distempered walls a stencil frieze is the best, and this the house decorator could also apply, making her own design, if she is artistic. Another excellent effect is reached by distemperring the entire wall, and putting a grooved rail eighteen to twenty-four inches below the ceiling. On this plaques, fans, and various flat decorative articles could rest. I have seen a very good effect attained by some old willow-pattern plates against a pale-yellow ground, the rail being walnut. These would have looked well against light terra-cotta also. Hall's sanitary washable distemper can be had in various excellent colours. I can recommend the No. 30 (salmon colour) for a room with little sun, and the sea-green, No. 43, for a room of southern aspect. The distemper is manufactured by Messrs. Sissons Brothers, Limited, Hull.

S. P. L.—I know the milliner's shop you mention, where prices began at 5s. per hat, and rose by slow degrees to 15s. I have no doubt the lower price would prove remunerative to the producer, if it were not for town rents, but where the firm pays some £300 per annum for a show-room, naturally the purchaser has to contribute her share of that. Rents for business places are enormous in London, especially in central places, and there is no likelihood of their falling; they explain the £5 5s. toques and the £8 8s. hats, of which I have seen many. I happen just now to know of a central place where millinery, French millinery too, or English copies of the same, is not at all expensive, because it is sold on a third floor. Monica's, 186, Regent Street, W., has been opened recently by two young ladies whose ambition is to supply tasteful millinery at prices to suit the lady of limited means. A very becoming hat or toque can be had from 18s. 6d. upwards, and that price most people can afford once or twice annually. You had better make a note of the address. Monica's is above a ladies' tailoring establishment, and next door to a manicurist. In time businesses may again be subdivided, and carried on in smaller premises, and I for one should be very glad to welcome a day that would abolish the big monopolist, and give the polite, friendly, nice little business man or woman a chance of independence.

Humdrum.—For bedroom walls the striped papers which have been revived, and are now the newest thing, are very pretty and restful. One has always to take into account that a bedroom may, in time of sickness, become a living room, and it is necessary therefore to consider how one would like its walls and windows not only in the somnolent state but when feverishly alert. The new silk-striped papers look exquisitely fresh, and cost only, in soft tints, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. the piece of twelve yards. They can be had in blue and silver, pink and silver, green and silver, or in stripes of the same shade, dull and silver alternately. Mr. James Clark, of 124, George Street, Edinburgh, will send you patterns, if asked. The pink (153) and the blue (162) are very pretty and cheap at 1s. 6d., while the grey-green (161) is a most restful, refreshing paper. Some people might object to the glistening effect of the silk stripe, but I like it. The pink-striped walls (No. 159 paper) and a soft green carpet with a conventional spot pattern in paler green would make a beautiful background for Chippendale or Sheraton furniture. These colourings would require cream paint. Write again, if there is any other point on which you need suggestions.

VERITY.

Letters relating to "Women's Interests," etc., to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

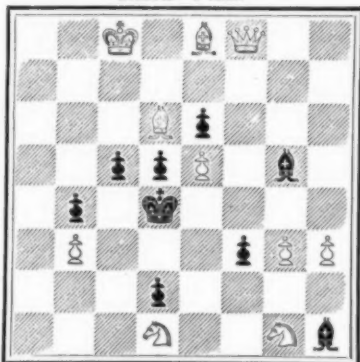
Our Chess Page

New Solving Competition. Six Guineas in Prizes.

The fourth batch of problems:

No. 10.—“Look Out!”

BLACK—9 MEN

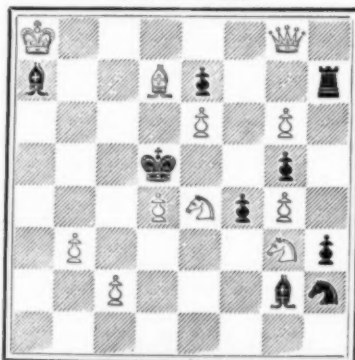


WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 11.—“Corona.”

BLACK—9 MEN

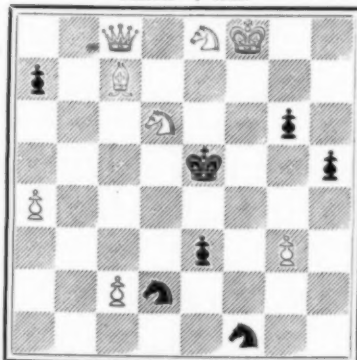


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 12.—“Quo Vadis.”

BLACK—7 MEN

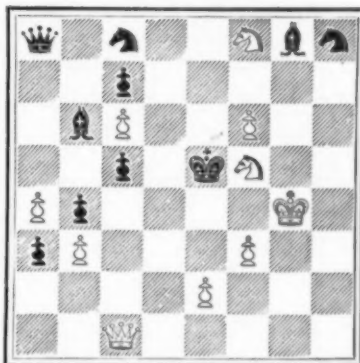


WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 13.—“Good Morning.”

BLACK—10 MEN

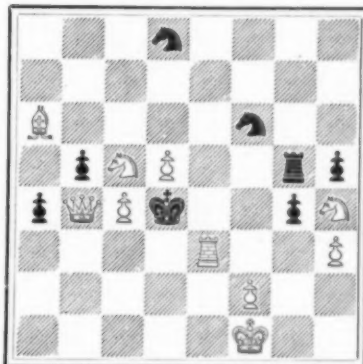


WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 14.—“Asia.”

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions must be in our hands by August 1st from Home Competitors, and by October 15th from Abroad.

End games by Mr. S. J. Stevens. The solutions and names of prize-winners will be given next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, “The Leisure Hour,” 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.



From the painting by

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F. Wobring

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PROPOSED EMIGRATION SCHOLARSHIPS

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, donation of Five Shillings from "A Friend."

ERRATUM

In our May number, p. 605, Mentmore, Lord Rosebery's residence, was, by an error, described as in *Berkshire*. It should have been *Buckinghamshire*.

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